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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF JAPAN.

BY REV. ORRAMEL H. GULICK.

Among the great events that have transpired in Japan, one of the most important is the proclamation of a Constitution by the Emperor, which took place in Tokyo, amid great rejoicings and with due pomp, on the 11th day of February. This particular day is accounted to be the two thousand five hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the accession of Jimmu Teno, the first Emperor of the Imperial House, from which the present august sovereign claims descent in unbroken line.

Eight years ago the Emperor promised that nine years from that date he would grant a national representative assembly. With characteristic promptness, a year in advance, he proclaims a Constitution which at once marks the transition of Japan from the condition of an absolute monarchy to that of a constitutional government.

It is a remarkable evidence that the condition of the whole human race is happier in this, the nineteenth century, than in the ages past, that such an event as the granting of a Constitution by an autocratic ruler should be effected in this peaceful and statesman-like manner. What in so many other countries has only been wrung from the unwilling ruler by war and violent revolution has been effected in our day, and before our eyes—not without effort—but in a peaceful and happy manner. There is no alienation or heart burning on the part of a down-trodden people, but rather the loyalty of the nation to the illustrious house and to the present honored ruler is quickened and strengthened.

The new Constitution is a very remarkable document. It has been prepared by the foremost statesmen of this progressive land with great care, and is the result of eight years' study. Besides the constitution properly so-called, several Imperial ordinances, co-ordinate or supplementary to the Constitution, were proclaimed at the same time—namely, the Imperial ordinance concerning the House of Peers, the law of the Houses, the law of election of Representatives, and the law of finance. The Constitution and each of these four ordinances is signed and sealed by the Emperor and by his ten ministers of State, and the whole may be spoken of as the Constitution of the Empire. A few of the more prominent features of this body of law are the following:

In the first chapter of the Constitution proper the abundant prerogatives of the Emperor are carefully provided for. Article X declares that the Emperor determines the organization of the different branches of the Administration, and the salaries of all civil and military officers, and appoints and dismisses the same. He has the supreme command of the army and navy, declares war, makes peace, concludes treaties, proclaims the law of siege, convokes and prorogues the Imperial Diet, dissolves the House of Representatives, confers titles of nobility—and, in short, is the head of the Empire.

Under the rights and duties of subjects we note that no Japanese subject shall be arrested, detained, tried or punished, unless according to law; except as provided for by law, his house shall not be entered or searched without his consent. "Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief." The secrecy of his letters shall remain inviolate.

The chapter on the Imperial Diet provides for two legislative assemblies, styled the House of Peers and the House of Representatives, which are to sit as separate bodies. This Diet is to be convoked every year, commencing from 1890, for a three-months session. These Houses may present addresses to the Emperor, and may receive petitions from the subjects. The Ministers of State may take seats and speak in either House.

The Ministers of State shall give their advice to the Emperor, and be responsible for it; shall countersign all laws, Imperial ordinances and rescripts. The Privy Council shall deliberate upon important matters of State, when they have been consulted by the Emperor.

The judges shall be appointed from among those who possess the proper qualifications, and cannot be easily deprived of their position.

The expenditure and revenue of the State require the consent of the Imperial Diet by means of an annual Budget. All expenditures over-passing the appropriations shall subsequently require the approbation of the Imperial Diet. The Budget shall be first laid before the House of Representatives, but the expenditures of the Imperial House shall be defrayed every year out of the national treasury, according to the present fixed amount for the same, and shall not require the consent thereto of the Imperial Diet.

When it has become necessary to amend this Constitution, a project to that effect shall be submitted to the Imperial Diet by Imperial order. All the above are among the provisions of the Constitution proper. In the Imperial ordinances, subsidiary to the Constitution and proclaimed on the same occasion, we note the following:

The House of Peers will consist mostly of the members of the Imperial family—princes, marquises, counts, viscounts and barons; but provision is also made for a class of members who are in a small degree elective by a few of the most wealthy men of each province. The President and Vice-President of the House of Peers shall be nominated by the Emperor from among the members to serve for a term of seven years, and their annual allowance shall be respectively \$4,000 and \$2,000.

The House of Representatives shall consist of three hundred members, who are to be elected for a term of four years. The President and Vice-President of the House of Representatives shall be nominated by the Emperor from among three candidates respectively elected by the House for each of those offices. The annual allowance for the President is \$4,000, for the Vice-President \$2,000, and for each member \$800, besides traveling fees. The Presidents, Vice-Presidents and members shall not be allowed to decline (!) their respective annual allowances.

The law of election for members of the House of Representatives declares that an elector must be a Japanese subject of not less than twenty-five years of age, who has for not less than one year previous been paying direct national taxes to the amount of not less than fifteen yen (dollars).

Those alone shall be eligible candidates for election that are male Japanese subjects of full thirty years of age, who have paid not less than fifteen yen (dollars), direct national taxes. Shinto priests, and priests and teachers of religions of all kinds, shall be ineligible. In brief review we note the following points:

1. The Emperor determines the salaries of all civil and military officers. Thus he retains largely in his own hands the distribution of the revenue of the Empire.
2. The precious boon of freedom of religious belief is guaranteed in plain, unmistakable terms. By this incoming of a civilized constitutional government, the long-standing and yet long-obsolete edicts against Christianity are swept out of sight. These are no longer to tempt overzealous Buddhists or benighted Shinto priests to cast stumbling-blocks in the way of Christians.
3. The country is now to be ruled by a responsible ministry. "The Ministers of State shall give their advice to the Emperor, and be responsible for it."

To whom are they to be responsible, to the Emperor or to the Legislative Assembly, called the Diet? Some shall answer this question one way, some another.

4. The Budget shall be first laid before the House of Representatives. This looks as if the Representatives were to have some control of the expenditure of the revenue. The power of the purse implies the power to control the Empire. But examination shows that this power is limited by many other restrictive provisions of the constitution. How much power the Representatives will possess over the purse seems to be problematical.

5. Amendments to the constitution can only be proposed by the Emperor. "Neither House can receive petitions for amending the constitution."

6. We notice that the President and Vice-President of the House of Peers are nominated by the Emperor, and that the President and Vice-President of the House of Representatives are nominated by the Emperor from among the candidates respectively elected by the House for each of those offices.

7. The law of election places the property qualification of voters so high that it is doubtful whether there will be 100,000 qualified voters in the Empire.

A noteworthy point is that the phrase, "the people," does not occur in the constitution; the word used is "subjects." In the English translation of the constitution, the expression "our people" is found once; but this is simply a mistake of the translator; for in the Japanese version, published by authority, the word "shimin" is used throughout, and with this single exception is correctly translated "subjects."

The people have waited with long and earnest expectation for the day when through a representative assembly they should be permitted to have a share in the government of their beloved land. Are their desires fulfilled, their hopes realized? When were the ambitions of a young man, or the aspirations of an awakening nation, fully satisfied? Never. But it is safe to say that the most patriotic and thoughtful among the people are very much pleased at the event. One said

this is the first step of the ladder; another said, eight years ago, that he should die happy if he could live to see the day when a representative assembly could be called into power.

Though the people do not yet possess everything that a liberty-loving citizen could desire; all must feel that the Emperor's promise has been well and faithfully fulfilled in the constitution and accompanying ordinances. Many thought that no mention would be made in the constitution of religious liberty. The Christian subjects of the Empire could ask for nothing more satisfactory than the brief and unequivocal statement that "Japanese subjects shall enjoy freedom of religious belief."

Taken all in all, this constitution and collateral laws are the most notable milestone that has yet been erected in the nation's onward progress.

The assassination of Mr. Mori, the Minister of Education, the most widely known of all the heads of departments, by his long residence as Foreign Minister at Washington, and at the court of St. James, which took place in the morning, cast a cloud over the festivities of the nation's day of rejoicing. The deed had no political significance, and was the act of a single religious fanatic, who mistakenly thought that Mr. Mori had shown disrespect towards the spirits of the ancestors, on the occasion of a visit thirteen months before to the shrines at Ise. The name of Mr. Mori will go down to posterity as one of the ten Ministers whose signatures are affixed to the constitution. This signature was doubtless the last official act of this "one of Japan's most talented and cultured statesmen."

Kumamoto, Japan, March 12, 1889.

LETTER FROM DR. MAGOUN.

JAPANESE UNION.

EDITORS PACIFIC: It would not occur to one *a priori* that the simple-hearted and single-minded Japanese converts would or could originate a plan of union between two or more old historic denominations. Easily enough it might suggest itself to them that Japanese missions would be better off and accomplish more without any sects. Whether they would proceed to criticize Occidental Christianity in this regard, without coming to England or America for an education, admits of doubt. Even then, the feasibility of organic union among sects would seem to be far beyond their conceptions. Simple as Congregationalism would appear to any converts from heathenism, Presbyterianism would seem more complex by far; and how to weld them together, how to imagine it—for it is still a work of imagination—required a trained and somewhat ecclesiastical mind. It might task the most accomplished strategists in church polity, simple or compound. It would earlier and more readily suggest itself to those born into and trained in old church orders and regulations than to those entirely unversed in them.

And the testimony of Mr. Neesima, Dr. Davis and Mr. Atkinson seems to settle this question, especially that of the latter in the *Advance* of the 14th. An idea of one national church to those who have never known aught but a national heathen "cultus"—the idea of Christianity, for example, stepping into the semi-political place of Buddhism or Taoism or Shintoism, no matter which they were born under—is easy enough to any people at all civilized. But the Japanese Christian Convention of 1872 was only Japanese in being held in Japan. The suggestion of "identity, so far as possible, of name and organization in the native churches, in the formation of which we reformed Dutch, Presbyterian, and American Board Missionaries may be called to assist," was clearly non-Japanese. It was not the idea of a State religion. Mr. Atkinson testifies that "the Japanese Christians have never forgotten their first lesson." This was a lesson these American missionaries gave them, not one they gave the missionaries. All the subsequent conferences and actions were clearly of this one and the same foreign origin. Dr. Scudder, not having been there in 1872, cannot, as a new comer in Japan, be a real witness, as are our three brethren named above. He is simply an advocate, and his words can only have the force of advocacy, good, bad or indifferent. If he should assure us that the Convention of Wisconsin originated with the "natives" of the old Territory across the river, instead of being the work, from its first idea to its last particular, of the missionaries of the A. H. M. S., we should hardly receive the revelation with becoming gravity. Was his brother-in-law of blessed and sainted memory, Rev. John Lewis, of New Digging and Plattville, a "Badger" by birth, or a native of Walpole, Mass., and a New England man all through?

I say these things because factitious credit has been attempted to be attached to the new American Plan of Union in Japan by the romance of a purely native origin. The thing, like other things,

must stand on its own bottom, and be judged on its merits. Clear-sighted men must needs look at it as it is, or is to be. If essentially modified, as is hinted, it may be a different thing from what we have been discussing, and its merits or demerits different. Japan is a new country for the experiment, but conventions and plans of union are not new. "I have no other light to guide my feet," said Webster on a famous political occasion, "but the lamp of experience." That the members of the Board who have had any experience of this sort of plan should be guided by its results is unavoidable. All the asseverations in the world that this is an utterly new thing, never thought of before, an original stroke of the peculiar genius, or fruit of the peculiar position, of the Japanese, will certainly make no difference.

Nor does the success and usefulness of the Wisconsin General and District Conventions prove beforehand anything at all about a plan for a foreign land containing features widely different. Congregationalists have not been afraid of the former, as they are of the latter. Congregational churches have not been killed out in Wisconsin, as they have elsewhere. This is because of the prominent Congregational features of the Conventions, against which later Presbyterians have protested, and proceeded to form Presbyteries to displace what had worked so happily. I need not particularize features of the Wisconsin plan. You have brethren on your Coast who can do it *quant. suff.* Every feature of the new Japan plans must pass scrutiny among the supporters of the Board, or the Prudential Committee will have no right to appropriate funds to carry it out. You would hardly expect, would you, a Board which has just refused, under such pressure, to divert the funds of the churches in the interest of a theological departure from the faith of the churches, to give them, without thorough understanding of all things, in the interest of a departure in polity?

My pen was set in motion by perusing an Iowa plan of union between Congregationalists and Presbyterians in Iowa, once plausible and popular here, which came all to naught. The history will be given in the forthcoming Life of "Father Turner," but a point or two may be pertinent here. Father Turner, our earliest pioneer, earnestly favored it, having once been a Presbyterian, and his Quincy church having spontaneously become Congregational, without his prompting, for the sake of peace. My old and deeply esteemed friend, Dr. Holbrook, was then perhaps too far from the scene of the plan, in distant northern Iowa, to have shared much in it (I cannot now turn to the Old Association records away back in the 40's to see), and his parish-er, young Mr. Warren, your now venerable Home Missionary Superintendent, probably will hear of it from me for the first time. All the details were elaborately arranged in committee (Congregational and Presbyterian), a Convention appointed, delegates from Father Turner's church, at least, chosen, but the old Presbytery of Iowa never responded. No advantage was given to Presbyterian polity in the plan any more than in that of Wisconsin. Perhaps this accounts for its falling through. But this allusion to it may suggest that there are those in the Councils of the Board who are no novices in these "Presbygational" schemes. Let the discussion go on upon the merits of the case in detail.

DR. COCHRAN'S BOOK.

Dr. Cochran's notable work on the Atonement, recently issued by Goodrich of Oberlin, publisher of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, is attracting attention by the breadth and thoroughness of its examination of the subject, both in Scripture and in philosophy. The motto of the book might well be, "Come now, and let us reason together." If any clear ideas of the saving work of Christ, such as every generation must get for itself, are to be had in our churches, and any of the floating sentimentalism, such as abounds in Abbott on Romans, is to be banished to its own place, somebody, at least, ministers and more intelligent and well-read laymen, must master such a work as Dr. Cochran's. I would not recommend it for summer reading on excursions, though for myself the lighter my recreation (when I can get any) the stronger I want some of my reading to be, by way of mental ballast. The most delightful vacation week I ever had was with Prof. Park at Joseph Cook's, with theology *ad libitum*. Yours,

Geo. G. MAGOUN.

Iowa College, Mar. 24, 1889.

Statistics show that on this day (the Sabbath) protected by law, the sales of liquor are two and one-fourth times the average for the other six days, and the mischief wrought is in still greater proportion.—J. C. Baleham.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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OUR APRIL MEETING.

As we listened to the reading of the missionary letters last week, Wednesday afternoon, strange things happened. The hitherto decorous furniture of the chapel of the First Church, San Francisco, behaved in a most unseemly manner. The handsome Brussels carpet rolled itself up and walked off; all of the empty chairs took hold of arms (too long a line by far), and glided serenely through the open door; the cabinet organ began to move uneasily from side to side, till gathering momentum, with majestic tread, it moved on, till finally it disappeared from sight. Silently, mysteriously, wondrous changes went on around, till our astonished gaze looked out upon several scenes of indoor life in Japan, not pictured, written-up, ideal Japan, but upon real Japan. Rice mats and folding screens, arranging themselves most dextrously, gave us here and there Japanese school-rooms; in one corner a chapel; on the farther side a Japanese living-room; on this side a hospital ward. Our little company of Christian women crowded away off to the outmost edge of the room during this grand transformation scene. We begin to discover familiar American faces amid the multitude of unfamiliar Japanese ones. There is Miss Denton; that must be one of the Osaka school-rooms! and we seek her side at once. How glad she is to see us! "This is my class of seven girls in physiology. Six of them are Christians" (this last in a whisper). "Pray earnestly for the seventh; tell your young people to pray for her." That one (the brightest looking of all), is soon to go to America to study medicine. I never go to my classes without the determination to say something that will bring before the pupils the truth. The need of workers here is so great that I don't see how any one can stay at home. The work is so beautiful! As we look at her beaming face, and the eager uplifted faces of "her girls," we are sure the work is beautiful, and feel a new thrill of joy that we can have even the least share in it. I cannot now turn to the Old Association records away back in the 40's to see), and his parish-er, young Mr. Warren, your now venerable Home Missionary Superintendent, probably will hear of it from me for the first time. All the details were elaborately arranged in committee (Congregational and Presbyterian), a Convention appointed, delegates from Father Turner's church, at least, chosen, but the old Presbytery of Iowa never responded. No advantage was given to Presbyterian polity in the plan any more than in that of Wisconsin. Perhaps this accounts for its falling through. But this allusion to it may suggest that there are those in the Councils of the Board who are no novices in these "Presbygational" schemes. Let the discussion go on upon the merits of the case in detail.

Here is another Japanese school-room, but how crowded it is! Why, this must be—it is—our own Kioto school, and here is Miss White, of Mills Seminary fame! There, too, comes Mrs. Frances Hooper Davis from her own home near by, still teaching daily classes, but not giving her whole time as of yore. Is Miss White here all alone, with the care of these eighty irresponsible girls, and their language as yet unknown? What a pity! Some one should come to her relief. Miss Wainwright's time is fully occupied with the teaching of music, which is imperatively demanded, in order that our Christian schools may compete with the government schools in securing scholars. Mrs. Stanford gave daily instruction, but a resident lady missionary is very much needed, with whom Miss White can share part of the responsibility, and who can give continuous hours to teaching. How earnest are Mrs. Davis' words! They echo in our ears to-day so long after their utterance—"We must have another lady teacher in the Kioto school." This school has been long dear to the heart of our Pacific Board. Its graduates are filling most important positions in Kioto and vicinity. Can we listen quietly to this note of entreaty? Ought we not to give it added emphasis, as we pass it on to the readers of our column?

See in the distance Miss Gunnison at a school-room door in the Kobe school. She motions to us to enter quietly, and we hear not the voice of recitation, but voices of prayer and praise. We listen with bowed heads and tearful eyes to these girls, as one after another adds her tribute to the power of Christ's love. Eighty acknowledged their new-found Savior, and our hearts are full to overflowing! Our Savior is their Savior, too! Doubting, hesitating Christian, do not foreign missions pay? We leave that Japanese school-room feeling that we have been treading on holy ground. An eloquent speaker's voice is heard,

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and we turn our footsteps thitherward. We see a Japanese audience listening to Japanese pastors in Okayama. Ah! here is Miss Talcott; she will tell us what has brought this large company together. This is one of many revival services which have been held of late, with great results. The speaker's tone and manner are full of earnestness, as he pleads with his audience to turn from the "error of their ways."

But do our eyes deceive us? What is going to happen now? The rice mats are all in mid-air, the screens too are whirling past us, all making funny little good-bye courtesies as they go—and who are these people coming? They are in Chinese dress—they are carrying a big kettle—they put it down in our very midst, and immediately the walls, the floor, the furnishings, the very air, becomes Chinese—we are in the midst of China.

Just here a great rustling is heard. The revered guardians of the First Church can stand these innovations no longer. Stepping down from their frames, with solemn step and slow, they move off also, a silent and very dignified procession. But where is the conjuror who has called into being this Chinese company? Here she comes, in merry, gleeful mood, introducing us with the utmost cordiality to the various members of the great Ho family, from a district near Pang Chia Chuang, China. Mrs. Arthur H. Smith makes us all friends at once. We view with great interest the immense kettle when we hear that it holds in its iron grasp the fortunes of the whole Ho family. We watch the making of the famous meat-dumplings; we sympathize with the unfortunate youth who has been rejected by one hundred Chinese girls, because he belongs to a Christian family; we condole with the poor mother queen-bee, to whom comes all of the care and much of the work, and who is so tired all the time. We wish that all the circle of our friends might make the acquaintance of this family through introduction by Mrs. Smith. We heartily wish that all the friends of our Board might have been at our April meeting.

SAM JONES.

DEAR PACIFIC: I want to thank you for printing in full the three sermons of "Sam Jones," that he pleases to call himself. Those three sermons are treasures of infinite value. Not only to the Christian reader, but the seeker after the true riches, will there find rest and peace—the way to heavenly glory; pardon and life is made therein very clear and plain to every candid mind, and I have not a doubt but that the publication of these three sermons in the PACIFIC will be blessed of God to the salvation of many precious souls.

It has been my privilege to attend the day meetings of Mr. Jones morning and evening, and I am free to say that every one that I have heard (perhaps a score or more) have contained the very marrow of the gospel of our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and this very day I have conversed with several young ladies who have confessed that they were perfectly charmed with his teachings; and others belonging to the Episcopal, and to no church, have each in their turn felt as though they could not lose one of his teachings. I feel sure that the churches of our city and State will be greatly strengthened by this plain, homely exposition of God's Word.

Moody sowed the good seed of the Word of Life in his month's work here, and Sam Jones followed in his wake and harrowed in the seed, and now let Christians go to work and gather in the sheaves of golden grain now ripened.

The churches of the Pacific Coast are astir, and it does seem to me as though there was to be a shaking up of the dry bones, and that large additions were being added to the churches north and south of us.

Is it not wonderful to think that here in this wicked city both Moody and Jones could for a month following each other draw full houses day and evening to study God's Word, to hear the gospel preached in its plainness and purity, home-thrusts on sin and iniquity—say, on an average, 15,000 hearers during the day service, and 5,000 at night (rain or shine).

Again, to see the close attention paid to the speaker, and the silence of the hearers, was remarkable. Some would go an hour before the hour of service in order to secure a seat. No carpet or matting on the floor, and yet one could almost hear a pin drop during the service. Surely, God has a blessing in store for California.

H. C. B.

The *Farmer's Voice* says that a law has been recently passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the use of intoxicating drink.

The grand total of receipts from the Inaugural ball is reported by the Finance Committee to have been \$125,046.

Contributions.

FAITH AND THE SPIDER

One day I sat in my chair,
With eyes upturned in the air,
Nor saw the black little thing
That slid down the slender string
You ever did see,
And sat beside me;
'Twas a little black spider!

I thought to catch it,
Stretched hand to snatch it;
Quick as thought the little thing
Gathered in its slender string,
And upward fled her,
This little spider!
The slender thread,
Up which she sped,
Like faith, had saved her!

G. F. G. M.
Olema, Cal., March 24, 1889.

PROHIBITION.

The result of the recent presidential election is not, as regards prohibition, such as to disappoint the most sanguine friends of the cause. But because we have no reason to expect that the destruction of the saloon will be the central thought in the political organization of the next four years, it does not follow that the friends of temperance must sit down to await another presidential campaign before any hopeful work can be done in this much-needed reform. When we consider the magnitude of the liquor traffic of to-day, and how it is affecting the home life of our country, as well as the indifference with which it is regarded by many who are themselves of temperate habits, we may well ask that those who hold the ballot in their hands consider the matter of prohibition. It does not seem a brave thing for the law-makers of our land to leave this whole business of the saloon to bands of praying women and temperance organizations. All honor to them! But though prayer be the natural reaching out of the finite to the infinite; the carrying of our sources of disquiet to the fountain of all restfulness; yet, while we "pray devoutly," we must "hammer stoutly." We must bear in mind the command of the brave general of the Revolution, "Trust in providence, but keep your powder dry." It seems as if we, as a people, are resting as securely in the idea of the national prosperity of this fair land, that we do not take in the whole breadth of the liquor question.

There are 200,000 saloons in the United States to-day, which is equivalent to saying there are 200,000 places for reducing the standard of the morals of our country; for forging fetters for the enslavement of our Republic. There are that many places of business which are stumbling-blocks in the way of our national safety and welfare. The old arguments of personal liberty are impotent, indeed. Why should more freedom be granted to the saloon, which is creating a demand where none before existed, that it may profit by supplying that demand, than to any other class of persons who are usurping our national wealth without giving an equivalent for it? Though men may argue on the right of the saloon to exist, if honest they can not do other than admit it to be a detriment to the country. The enlightened judgment of mankind must condemn the business as a business. The *Inter Ocean* some time ago gave to the public some startling facts. It says from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of the casualties and pauperism of the city of Chicago can be traced directly to the saloon; that sixty per cent. of the inmates of Joliet penitentiary are by their own confession intemperate men; that three-fourths of the work of the police, and the business of the criminal and police courts is caused by them. And yet, in the face of these facts, it is agreed that the law shall not interfere with the liquor question. The giving of poison to a single person meets with the severest penalty of the law; the selling of poison to the masses is recognized by Government as the right of the rum-seller, though he who buys the liquor is often under an influence which is almost beyond his control. It is argued that the legislation in the cause of intemperance would not be effective; the laws would be broken. Are not the laws against theft and murder broken? Why not as well abolish those laws because all men do not regard them? We are told that the Maine law has been a failure. It is said that one hundred and twenty dram-shops are to be found in the city of Bangor—a bad thing, indeed, for any city. But we are informed on the best of authority that an open bar or a drunken man on the streets are things to be noted, not taken for granted. If the Maine law has accomplished no other good thing, it is certainly an immeasurable gain if the work of drunkard-making is not done in public places—if children are taught to regard it as they do other crimes; and because there is liquor sold in the State of Maine, because there have been offenders against the law, should all legislation against this great evil cease? These last few years have witnessed serious trouble in our land, from anarchists, labor strikes, and kindred evils. Should we, therefore, give up all effort to maintain peace or make new laws for the welfare of our citizens? Those who would apologize for the liquor traffic cite the fact of the immense revenue with which it furnishes the public treasury, an apology too flimsy to demand refutation, when we consider the expense of the work of the police, the maintaining criminal and police courts, hospitals, jails, prisons, almshouses and asylums, all of which the saloon is so large a factor in rendering necessary, and the expense for which must be met by the taxpayers of our land. The excessive taxation, the aching hearts, the desolate homes, the

evils destructive and increasing, should make those who love their country ask that the American saloon be buried under the ballot of the American freeman.

There are to be found Christian men who tell us that the time for prohibitory laws has not yet arrived. For what are we waiting? Until the number of saloons shall have yet further increased? until there shall be more than 200,000 drinking places, causing poverty and anarchy and crime in our land? until they shall demand tribute of other homes, and lie in wait for the babes in our arms, who will soon be the youths of our country? until the tyranny of the saloon shall be yet more oppressive? until more dynamite shall be distributed in our cities? and until America is a free country in name alone? Surely, the liquor question stands next before the law-makers of to-day, so grave a problem as to demand careful and intelligent consideration. Moral suasion has been tried long enough. Will anything short of prohibitory laws materially lessen this whole evil business, from polite wine-bibbling to the gutter? Were I asked why I, a woman whose home had not been darkened by the shadow of this evil, should make the question of prohibition as a paramount one, my answer would be that of many another mother in our land, "My arm is round my own little son, and love knows the secret of grief." For myriads of homes are being poisoned. The strength of the American people is being wasted. The manhood is taken from our youth. Men are hurried to dishonored graves.

Clearly the duty of thinking men and women is to agitate this question. I am told by Christian men that voting the Prohibition ticket is giving a vote to the opposing political party. Are then the questions at issue so grave that this which seems to be the problem of the hour must be set aside? Must policy always stand at the front? Did the early apostles of the anti-slavery movement consider whether it was politic for them to cry aloud that the bound go free? But with a spirit eager, earnest and brave, with strong convictions, profound feelings and magnificent courage, they brushed away obstacles like cobwebs, and prevented the Northern heat from being lulled to sleep. Did Harriet Beecher Stowe ask if it were policy when she gave to the world the wonderful story of "Uncle Tom," when she opened the log cabin of the slave, and gave so grand an impulse toward freedom? Must not every great movement demand and receive sacrifice? When the hero of Harper's Ferry, with less than twenty men, made war upon the slavery empire, the slave-holder called him a madman; the conservatives trembled over his fanaticism; but the radical heart of the North was set to throbbing, heart-throbbings that never ceased until with the fiery Sherman they swept the path of desolation from "Atlanta to the Sea," until they met Sheridan when he rode from Winchester town to save the day, "and until the veterans of the lost cause" left Richmond for their homes where the sanguinary tide of war had ebbed and flowed through those weary years. Has ever yet any great movement been accomplished by irresolution and inactivity? How can our nation be indifferent to this grave question? When the two hundred thousand drinking places form each a distinct center of force that is aggressive to our honor and to the best interests of our home life, is it not time that the American conscience be aroused, that a devotion to country give her an inspiration to do battle with this terrible enemy, that conservatism and policy should retreat, that the people of our land meet this foe as bravely as did the handful of men who gathered on the village green of Lexington little more than a century ago to resist the chains which bound them—chains not more galling than the liquor-traffic of to-day is forging for us in the midst of the civilization of this nineteenth century? MARY P. ARMS.
Beckworth, Plumas county, Cal.

THINGS DONE UNDER THE SUN.

I am a traveler. And in my travels up and down the world, I one day met a man whose appearance at once arrested my attention. His countenance beamed forth light and hope, and in his hand he held a Book. We exchanged the usual greetings of the day, and he inquired of me how I did, and if I was a stranger in those parts. I told him I was a traveler, traveling up and down the world to see and know things done under the sun. I perceived that my manner of expression bewildered him a little at first, but he soon recovered himself, and without further remark, asked me about my soul, and whether I was at peace with God. For the moment, I had in my mind a very sharp answer, but the man and his book—a mysterious power—completely scabbarded my words, and I said that in the world in which I live, we scarcely think of soul or God; that I had no hope but from day to day, and that peace with God was to me, strange language. He replied, "Sad life and sadder hope," and asked me to sit down with him on a seat close by. I did as he requested. And now, I said, if I may ask what is your name? "I am," he said, "an ambassador of Christ, the Son of God; I am a preacher." And continuing, he remarked that he had good news for me from heaven. And he opened his Book, and read of God and his Son, Jesus, and Jesus' love for men, and glorious life beyond, and the Christian home in heaven. For he called those Christians who walked according to the Book. And he read further that Christians were brethren, members

of one family—Christ the head and God their Father.

This, indeed, was news to me, and while he read I felt somewhat gladdened in my heart, and my desire was great to know more of this new way. The preacher arose from his seat, and invited me to his home, which was about a mile distant, to take supper with him, expressing, also, his desire that I remain with him over night as it was now near evening. I accepted the invitation, chiefly, because, as I said, I wished to know more of the good news, and I may add of the preacher, too. The evening was spent in listening to the ambassador of Christ read the Book, and much did I learn of God and Christ, and the glory of the lives of those who lived as the Book told them, and of the household of faith and of the Christian family. And thus the time was spent even to a late hour of the night. The morning came, and with it the time for my departure. Now, I saw that the preacher was very poor, and that himself and family lacked the comforts of life. And I said to him, "You of the way of the Book have little earthly riches." Are you a large family scattered over the earth? He answered, "There are many Christians in the world."

I was about to say good morning, when he put into my hand a copy of the Book, or, as he now called it, the Old and New Testaments, and requested me to read and study it, which I promised to do. Putting into his hand a piece of gold, I bade him good-bye and went my way.

Again, I found myself a traveler, traveling up and down the world to see and know things done under the sun.

Now, as opportunity was offered me, I read and studied the Book, and became more and more interested in its teachings—love to God, love to man, Christians one family, Christians pure, and much more of like nature. And I was anxious to see and know more of the Christian family of which the preacher spoke. To that end I quickened my pace, and after a few days I found myself in one of our large cities, and as I was walking along one of its broad thoroughfares, I drew near a large stone structure, over the entrance of which I saw the words, "Enter Thy Gates With Thanksgiving." While I was standing by the large arch-way which led to the building, I heard voices within singing, "I love thy kingdom, Lord." And then came to my mind the words of the preacher, "The kingdom of the Lord shall fill the whole earth."

So I thought, perhaps, these are they of the Christian family which are scattered throughout the world. And while these thoughts were passing through my mind, several men and women and children, richly clad, passed by and passed in. Soon others passed by and entered also. But none looked my way nor spoke. And I said, "This cannot be where Christians meet; this cannot be where they who are of the way of the Book." I determined, however, to inquire of the next passer-by. And soon the opportunity came, and I asked the young man who came near, "What building is this, and who are the people passing in?" He said, "This is a church where Christians meet to worship, and the people you see going in are the Christians."

Thus assured, I entered, although a little doubt lingered in my mind as to whether these people were really those of the way of the Book, for these people seemed so unlike the preacher and his family who read to me of the Christian way and asked me about my soul and my peace with God.

I found a seat about midway down the aisle. I was seated only a moment, when a young man, dressed in a suit of broadcloth and a ring on his finger, came to me, and said in a low but authoritative tone: "Come with me. This seat is occupied. A gentleman owns this pew who pays a large sum per year for it; and perhaps he will be present this morning as the weather is fine, and there is special music to be rendered." I obeyed, and was shown a seat in the rear. I said, "I have surely been misinformed; these people are certainly of some other book." Even as I uttered the last word the man, whom I had noticed as I came in, sitting on a platform, arose and unrolled a bundle of papers and began to read. He said he would speak from the Word of God as recorded in the Gospel of Matthew, xlii: 8, "For one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." I remembered the words that they were the same as I had read in the Book, and I was glad, because now I thought to hear more of the new way. But the man spoke of things that men are wont to speak about in my world. He talked about science and evolution and the various philosophies, and closed with the remark, "May the good Lord help us to do his will!" Then the choir sang; but I knew not what they sang; I heard no words. The singing ceased, and the man on the platform bowed his head, and we were dismissed.

I went my way and no man took my hand, nor exchanged a greeting, nor asked me how fared my soul, nor about my peace with God. And I said, "Surely, these are of some other book." And then I recalled the teaching of the preacher and his Book—"Christians of one family, Christ's love for men, if a man has not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." And I repeated what I had already said, "Surely, these are of some other book."

Again, I am a traveler, traveling up and down the world, to see and know things done under the sun. X Y Z.

TWO KINDS OF YOKES.

It was such a weary looking woman who came to my room and sat down that afternoon, that my heart rose up at once in compassion. I knew the history of my friend's life, and how different it was from what she had hoped for and expected in her younger days. She was one of the strong, brave, patient women who take up their burdens and carry them daily, with seldom a respite and almost never a complaint.

This day was an exceptional one. There was a cloud on her spirit and a shadow on her bright face.

"You are not quite well," I said, hoping the apparent depression was only a transient illness that a little rest would cure.

"If that were all," she replied, "I could bear it, but I am so down-hearted to-day I am a burden to myself."

She had evidently come to unburden her heart of some pressure, and I let her, for the relief it would be to her nerves, talk on until the mood began to spend itself in expression.

It was the very common story of caretaking and useful lives. Work, work, unending work in the home; an aged one and a feeble one in the household; a few querulous and unreasonable spirits to encounter day after day, with no one to steady and balance the jostlings and the perplexities that arise in ill-conditioned companionships. There were other cares outside of home that claimed her judgment and her strength; and there were precious interests she longed to enter for which she had neither time nor strength remaining. The sense of all this had come upon mind and heart that day, and the weight seemed an intolerable bondage.

"I am shut up in this cage and I cannot get out," she moaned in the depths of her discouragement.

"You dear soul!" I said, when a pause gave me opportunity to speak. "It is hard—I know it is hard. God knows it, too, and how hard it is to flesh and to spirit."

"He knows," she added, "and yet he lets it be so. I wonder sometimes how Christ could say his yoke was easy and his burden light."

"Supposing we look at this matter as it is, for a moment. You feel that the duties and burdens of your life are a yoke, the badge of servitude."

"I do feel exactly so," she said.

"And yet, a great proportion of this care and toil is the service of love, which nothing would tempt you to relinquish."

"O yes, of course; I wouldn't give up my family for any consideration."

"And those who are not quite your own, who furnish so many trials, so much discipline—you are sure that they are given to you in God's special providence, and that the care is a duty?"

"Yes; but duty can be a heavy yoke."

"Undoubtedly; but being a duty given by God, it is his yoke laid upon your neck."

"Well, you remind me of what a good man used to say: 'Christ says his yoke is easy, and I'm bound to find it so. When it galls and crushes I know I'm not wearing it rightly.' I often think of his words when my yoke hurts."

"Do you suppose all our yokes are what Christ means, when he speaks of his own?" my friend inquired.

"Very far from it. I once learned a lesson about yokes, and I have felt many times since then that mine was nothing in comparison with many. Your burdens, dear friend, heavy as they are, are honest, honorable burdens, and you will carry them home to-day as a lighter weight than you brought here."

"That is what I came for," she said, with a smile.

"Some years ago I employed a woman who was a stranger to me. She was intelligent and capable, and our relations were pleasant enough until I made an unhappy discovery. The woman was in trouble, this revealing the secret of a wayward life. I had never been called to acquaintance with such circumstances, and the sadness of it touched me with deep compassion. She was glad to confide to me her distresses, and to ask counsel and kindness. It was not her first offense, or first punishment, as she frankly confessed. She was in great straits; what to do, where to go, she knew not. Her burden of mental distress, of perplexity, of despair, was heavy, indeed. It was a yoke of sin which she could neither carry nor put off. How she wept and repented—wept, and kept on sinning; wept, and resisted the only course that could bring her to peace! I never had, in all my experience, such an opportunity to show Christ to a needy soul—was, perhaps, never so moved to snatch a brand from the burning. It was apparently in vain; the poor girl went her way with the hardest yoke a woman can bear, bowing her down; the heaviest burden, crushing her womanhood into the dust. Since that day, dear friend, I have felt that the yoke of honest duty—Christ's yoke laid upon my weakness—was light; and that the yoke of sin was the only really intolerable burden."

"Oh!" sobbed my friend, "what, indeed, is the service on which we can ask God's blessing to the servitude of sin?"

"We have our tried days," I continued, "our hard days, our days of perplexity and distress, even when almost any of us feel that our lot is bitter; but, what if we should pause when the pressure of trial is most severe, and think of other lives and their burdens, not only of the honest lives whose afflictions weigh them down, but of the poor souls who sink under that sorrow of the world which worketh death! We need not feel exalted because the grace of God has pre-

served us from the outward degradations of sin; but we may be humbly thankful for the mercy that has spared us from the yoke hardest of all to bear."

My friend needed to be diverted from her own troubles, and so I told the sad story at some length. It did not lighten one care, or lessen one annoyance, or open the door to one privilege desired, but ever denied; but the tone of her feeling was changed, and she went home with a more cheerful spirit. She told me, afterwards, that she felt as if she had taken a tonic that had braced her heart up to begin its work again. E. Y. B.

A PARABLE OF THE GRAIN FIELDS.

BY REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

(I speak to my boys and girls in parables sometimes, and should like to know what some of the other brethren are doing.)

Boys and girls, hear a parable of the two grain fields. Two farmers prepared a field apiece to sow seed in. One was in a great hurry, and plowed lightly and harrowed only a little, and sowed cheap seed, and did everything as quickly as he could. The other took time to plow deep and to harrow well, and did everything the best he could, and sowed the best seed he could find. The seed took root, and the grain grew in both fields. The grain of the first farmer, that did everything in a hurry, grew fast and tall, and stood erect, and from a distance looked very good. The farmer was very proud of it, because he was often told that his grain looked so well. And he would sometimes say: "I didn't take much pains, not half as much as my neighbor over there. There's really no need of it, for his grain ain't half as good as mine." The other grain was rather slow coming up through the ground, and slow growing afterwards, and when full grown was not very tall, and really looked very short, for the heads were bowing. If the other field could talk it would say, "What is the matter with you? Why don't you grow tall like me and stand right up straight and pretty?" But the harvest-time came. As they were taking the mowing-machine through the first field, they said, "This grain is not as thick and full as it looks." As they went through the other field they said, "How much better is this than it looks!" The first was large straw and little heads; the second was little straw and large, full heads. Both went through the threshing-machine, and they had twice as much wheat from the field that did not look so well as from the other.

The lessons are many. Don't be in a hurry to boast that yours is better than another. Don't depend too much on looks. Some things and some people are better than they look; others are not as good. As the American preacher said, "A man with white skin may have a black heart, and one with dark skin may have a white heart." Learn, also, that you cannot expect anything to be real good if you do it in a hurry. Do your work well if you expect the best results. If you slight your work you must expect more straw than wheat, much that is not valuable and little of the really good. If you slight your lessons and do them in a hurry you may get along very well for a time; you may guess through your examination pretty well and make quite a show. But it will be more straw than wheat, more show than knowledge. The time will come sooner or later when some people will know that you are only a sham. Remember, also, that the lofty and boastful in spirit are apt to be light-headed, while the lowly and modest have full heads. The branch that has the most fruits on bends the lowest.

What does drink cost in human misery? Can I count the leaves of the forest, or the sands upon the shore? And the sounds of this misery are like the sighing of the leaves of illimitable forests, and the plashing on the shores of unfathomable seas. It costs us millions of money, myriads of criminals, thousands of paupers, thousands of ruined women, hundreds of thousands of men and women goaded by misery into suicide or madness, with every blossom in what might have been the garland of their lives blighted as by a Fury's breath. Shall it be nothing to you that the blood of your brothers and sisters, in this great family of God, is being daily poured upon the altar of this deadlier Moloch of a Tophet more awful than that of Hinnom's Vale? While in downing that you are your brother's keeper, you become his Cain.—Canon Farrar.

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OUR MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS.

What's longer than art when art's at her longest?
What's stronger than oak when oak's at its strongest?
What in all the wide world, what'er may be,
Is longer and stronger than all else beside?
Pray read me the riddle, or make your surmise,
But let me, as I speak how you talk with your eyes;
Naught's longer or stronger, you tell one another,
Than the strings of the apron that's worn by our mother!

They are longer than art, for knowledge shall fail;
But love shall abide, though the planets grow pale;
And love, who schoolboys together here brings,
Is the twister that twisted these wonderful strings!

There's a great flowing girdle, which Puck in his mirth
Lies loose when he'd lasso the swift-bounding earth;
But the strings of this apron, which round us entwine,
Have a length quite eclipsing this much-vaunted line.

They are strong as they're long; lo! the oak will decay,
Or the woodman you pray to spare it says nay;
Other strings will unravel, will break or will fray,
Will snap, or at best will in time wear away.
The anchor chain rusts, the sea cable parts,
Even the bond has been burst that encircles twin hearts;
But the strings of this apron the years have defied,
They hold us more firmly each day they are tied!

—W. H. McElroy.

NO THIEVES IN THE TAR-BUCKET.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I wouldn't have anything to do with it, John," said Mrs. Nye, a dainty, little hazel-eyed woman in a plain calico gown, with white linen collar and apron, looking up at her husband, who had a staunch, manly air, as he stood by the door of their little tenement at the railroad terminus, holding his lantern and tin lunch-pail.

"Live at your best, John; that is the only way in which you can have an influence over the others. Set yourself like a rock against everything like dishonesty."

"I tell you I have always done so, Mary, but it looks now as if I had got to wink at this thing, or lose my job. The new conductor suspects that I am true blue for the company, and he will have me turned off before I know it. If I only had myself to care for I would let the job go, but—"

"Let the job go as it is, if it comes to that," put in the wife quickly. "I didn't marry you for a thief, and robbing the company is no better than any other kind of robbery, however the men may excuse it on the ground of low wages and corporations having no souls. You have a soul, and you have a family. I would starve and allow the children to do the same before I would put upon my table food stolen from the train, and if you allow your fellow-workmen to do this without a protest from you the Lord will not hold you blameless. There is the whistle of No. 8; good-bye, and with a kiss, the earnest-faced wife sent her husband out into the night with the parting injunction, "Remember, there has never been any stealing of freight on the Knodeluck Branch, and you hold the honor of the road in your keeping."

"A brakeman on a night freight with the honor of this wealthy road in my keeping," he said scornfully to himself, as by the light of the lantern he made his way across the labyrinth of switch-tracks, and swung himself up on the little black smoky caboose of No. 8, called by the boys the tar-bucket, it had been so long without painting.

He disposed of his lunch-pail, mended his fire, and examined the lanterns to see if they were all right, although none of these details were in his line of duty. "If that red-light should go out on our hands, the honor of the road would go to smash by the time we met the local at White Feather bridge," he said to himself, as he proceeded to adjust the wick—and added in an impatient tone to the tall, slim young fellow who came slouching in at the door:

"Pretty shiftless housekeeping this, young man; I have trimmed your lanterns for you now right along ever since this accursed plot has been brewing—and I tell you, Joe Griggs, my mind is made up. I am going to break up the scheme as far as this branch is concerned."

"You can't do it," whined the young fellow; "it has gone too far. You've no idea what a lot of the boys have been coaxed into it, and made to believe it's no harm, or it's just for a frolic, or it serves the company right."

"It all came through hiring that new conductor from off the Pan Handle," groaned John Nye. "He's good-looking and has brass enough in his face to make an alarm bell, and a tongue that would make a good clapper. Some of the boys think it is good enough for the company if they will keep putting up fellows from outside over their old faithful men, instead of promoting some one—if we report him, he will swear out a case of persecution and say it was all on account of jealousy. Well, if worse comes to worse, I shall ask for a bill of my time. I will not stay here and wink at the operations of a gang of thieves."

"You are the first one to raise a kick," said Griggs. "I have wondered all the while why you did not. You are older than some of the rest of us, and have

been on the road longer. You are a family man, you don't drink, and the boys look up to you. I don't like the look of the thing myself, but I am only a tail brakeman."

"You are a man," roared John Nye, with a strength that astonished himself, "and so are you; and you," as the two other brakemen entered the cosy little car. "Now, while I have the opportunity I want to say, I shall have nothing to do with robbing that poultry car that is coming down to-night. If I can't have green goose without stealing it, I will eat dry cod-fish. If we are only workmen on a night freight, we have a duty to ourselves and our families, and it is our privilege to make the best of ourselves." Involuntarily he went on repeating his wife's words: "There's never been any thieving on the branch, and while we are here we have the honor of the road in our keeping."

"I'm glad to hear you come out so strong," said Jim Corning. "I have thought it strange your keeping so quiet, and I'm with you. I wouldn't like to have my good mother back East hear that her boy had turned into a thief as soon as he got out of her reach."

"I reckon we none of us can get out of the reach of our mother's prayers," put in Bob Welsh. "I have been thinking that ever since this new man came whispering and insinuating around, but I didn't like to be the first to come out against him, and I suppose a good many of the boys feel the same way. They sort of fell in with it, some of them, because they feel ugly toward the company for setting up this new man."

"Hist!" said John Nye, "here he comes. Remember every man of you is to say to every other man he meets on the road to-night, 'No thieves in the tar-bucket.'"

At the White Feather crossing they met the first through-freight, No. 15, and, although they were all busy and alert, as their several duties compelled them to be, and no one but a railroad man could imagine how the employees on the two trains could have had opportunity to exchange a word, the men on the out-going train said one to another, "No thieves in the tar-bucket—good! Let's pass the news along, so is just ahead."

It only took one night's work to undo the subtle plotting of weeks. The poultry cars went through safely, and in a few days the new conductor was missing, much to the surprise of the company.

So much freight, however, was missing at the terminus of the great through line that an investigation was held, through which the men on the Knodeluck Branch came out with flying colors.

"Not so much as a kernel of corn has been missed on the branch," said the General Superintendent to the conductor of No. 15, "but yet I hear there was, at one time, a thoroughly arranged plan for robbing every produce train that passed over the road. Now, what broke it up?"

"As far as I am concerned, it was a voice out of the darkness that hit me like a hot shot, saying, 'No thieves in the tar-bucket.'"

That was the substance of the information given by the men on the branch, and one night the tar-bucket was honored and its inmates astonished by a call from three of the head officials.

"We have heard," began the President, "that the honor of the road is held in the tar-bucket, and—"

"The honor of the road rests with my wife," interrupted John Nye—and he told the story—adding, "She said that after I left that night she just laid hold on the Lord, and would not let him go until she felt sure in her heart that there were no thieves in the tar-bucket. I felt the help, I did, sir; I am thankful to acknowledge it. It seemed to me that some one else was talking, although the words came out of my mouth."

"This has strengthened my faith," said the President; and the Superintendent added, "We want some new conductors on the line; we shall take them from the branch. We want a General Freight Inspector; that falls to your share, John Nye; we would put your wife in assistant if it was not out of order."

"We can't promote her," said John, earnestly. "Only the Lord can do that. She has always been at the front praying for you all, that you might do your duty in every way."

"Praise the Lord," said the gray-headed President, tearfully, and the others wiped their eyes in sympathy.

Joshua W. Leeds writes, in forwarding this sketch: "Although my friend, Annie A. Preston, the author, is known by many as a writer of truthful sketches, it may be a satisfaction to some to be assured (as is the fact) that the above narrative is true."—*The Friends' Review*.

CANARY BIRDS.

We read in treatises upon the subject that there are many varieties of canaries. It is of the short, healthy and sweet voiced canary of German extraction that we wish to speak. This furnishes one of the chief means of gaining a living among the poor of the Hartz mountains, and many of our American friends have copied from this easy and profitable way of making money.

Canary-raising is a work especially adapted to women who are not able to do hard service, and sufficiently remunerative if carried on upon a large scale to sufficiently support them. I am surprised to know that birds are not more sufficiently raised. Every woman should have at least one pair of canaries, which will make the long, tiresome day, when the "gude mon" has gone to his business, pass away more pleasantly.

Begin by selecting a bright yellow female and a dark green singer—both wide-awake, and cheery-looking. These will cost you from \$2 to \$3 a pair. Get seed of the best quality, which is composed of canary, German rape, Indian millet and Turkish maw, in the proportion composed of four, three, two and one part, respectively. Be sure there is no hemp seed in the mixture, as feeding on this causes an excess of fat; and this should never be used except when needed to induce eating, if the bird has lost its appetite from sickness. Give the bird seed, fresh water and a bath every day at a regular hour. Keep cuttle fish bone and cracker in the cage constantly. Occasionally, as a little treat, the birds may have a bunch of green mustard, peppergrass (chickweed) or a piece of sweet apple.

The female bird will lay from three to five eggs, and will usually commence sitting when the first egg is laid. The eggs will hatch each one day, just as they were laid, in from twelve to fourteen days, according to the season. A day or two before the eggs will hatch begin feeding the old birds on eggs boiled from ten to thirty minutes, and mix with crackers grated fine, using one cracker to each egg.

Continue this food until the young birds are about six weeks old. They may now be separated from the old birds. Sprinkle seed on the bottom of the cage; they will pick at it and learn to eat it sooner.

The female should lay about every six weeks. Before putting a new nest in the cage, take the old one down and examine it carefully, to see if there are any of the little red mites, that are almost always to be found where there are birds. If you find any take the birds out, wash the cage and smoke it thoroughly with brimstone. To altogether rid your birds of these mites is absolutely necessary to their health and the prosperity of your business. After cleaning the cage, put your birds back and proceed as before.

As soon as the young birds sing, put the males in a cage by themselves, and then there will be no mistakes made when getting them ready for market. Your birds should raise from ten to fifteen, or even eighteen young ones in a season. Your profit will, of course, depend upon the per cent of males you have.

THE WIDENING OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN.

A little more than a hundred years ago the President of Yale College wrote this certificate:

"To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting: Be it known to you that I have examined Miss Lucinda Foot—twelve years old—and have found that in the learned languages, Latin and Greek, she has made commendable progress, giving the true meaning of passages in the 'Æneid' of Virgil, the 'Select Orations' of Cicero, and in the Greek Testament; and that she is fully qualified, except in regard to sex, to be received as a pupil of the freshman class of Yale University."

"Given in the College Library the 22nd of December, 1783."

"EZRA STYLES, President."

In the March Forum, Kate Stevens publishes a review of the progress made in the United States in affording opportunities for the higher education of women, that is, perhaps, as remarkable a record of advancement beyond the position of President Styles as has been made along any line of American activity. She gives the statistics of the growth of all the larger institutions, and shows that there are now more than 200 colleges where women can enjoy advanced instruction, and that the attendance last year was nearly 4,000. She shows like-wise the change of public sentiment concerning the payment of women teachers and the admission of women to boards of management, complimenting the more progressive spirit of the West. Among the institutions of which she presents a statistical study are Bryn Mawr College, Harvard Annex, Evelyn College, Columbia College, Oberlin College, University of Wisconsin, Vassar College, University of Kansas, University of California, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Michigan, Northwestern University, Wesleyan University, Syracuse University, Cornell University, Sage University, Boston University, Smith College, and Wellesley College.

SIMPLE HEALTH SUGGESTIONS.
Sleeping rooms should have a plentiful supply of pure air, which is best obtained by opening windows. "But night air is not wholesome this damp weather," said a gentleman, lately. "My dear sir, what other kind of air is there in the night but night air?" was the reply. After a winter's depression of vital tone and exposure to Arctic blizzards, a plentiful supply of oxygen is doubly necessary, and there should be no hindrance to free circulation of air while voluntary life is still.

If every one would take half a dozen deep inhalations twice or three times daily, beginning with the arms hanging down and an empty chest, and gradually raising the arms until when the lungs are full they are stretched directly upwards, there would soon develop a sturdy power of resistance to cold that would add much to our comfort.—*American Magazine*.

OLD, YET EVER NEW.—There is no place like home. Waste no time, money, or talent. In the sweat of thy brow eat bread. No gains without pains; work and win. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The oldest forget that they were once young. Godliness with contentment is great gain.

Household.

HOT WATER RELIEVES PAIN.—There is scarcely an ache or pain in the whole body which is not soothed or removed by hot water if applied as follows: Dip a piece of flannel or cloth, of five or six folds or layers in boiling water and lay it on the painful part, covering it instantly with a dry flannel, of which the edges should extend over the wet one inch or more; as soon as the wet flannel has dried a little, or in about five minutes, slip it out under one edge of the dry cloth, and introduce another flannel as hot as can be handled. Do this in so adroit a manner as to allow as little cold air as possible to get to the skin touched by the hot flannel; persevere until the pain is removed. Physicians assert that by this hot-water poultice the most violent, dry and distressing coughs have been relieved in a few minutes, and some forms of croup subdued in half an hour.

TO KEEP MILK SWEET.—Boil the pitcher or can in which the milk is to be put for ten minutes; take it from the boiling water, and without wiping it pour into it the milk. Then set the pitcher back into the boiling water. Remove and cover the pitcher with a layer of absorbent cotton, and boil for five minutes. The boiling water destroys the germs on the sides of the pitcher, and the absorbent cotton keeps other germs from settling into the milk and causing fermentation. Pour out milk as it is needed, disturbing as little as possible the cotton covering. Milk for invalids and babies can thus be kept sweet for many hours.

CHICKEN PIE WITH OYSTERS.—Boil a year-old chicken until tender, line a dish with a nice crust, put in the chicken, season with salt, pepper, and butter; add the liquor, which should be about a pint, in which the chicken was boiled; cover loosely with a crust having a slit cut each way in the middle. Drain off the liquor from a quart of oysters, boil, skim, season with butter, pepper, salt, and a thickening of flour and water; add the oysters, boil up once, and about twenty minutes before the pie is done lift the crust and put the oysters in.—*Buckeye Cook-Book*.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGER-BREAD.—One quart of good New Orleans molasses; three-fourths of a pound of butter, one tablespoonful of soda, one gill of water, ginger to taste. In winter it will take more water than in summer. Mix with flour as soft as you can roll out. Roll about one-half inch thick. Cut in squares or cards, and bake in a flat pan.

REMEDY FOR STYES.—As a remedy for styes, M. Abadie has found great efficiency in boric acid—one part dissolved in thirty parts of distilled water, dropping on some of this solution with a wetted piece of wadding several times a day. It is said not only to effect a cure, but to prevent any recurrence of the trouble.

THE VERY BEST GINGER-SNAPS.—One large cup of butter and lard mixed; one coffee cup of sugar; one cup of molasses; one-half cup of water; one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Flour for a pretty stiff dough. Roll out thin, and bake quickly. They keep well.

GERMAN TOAST.—German toast is the name of the dish made in the following manner: Cut thick slices of bread and dip each slice in milk enough to soften, then dip in beaten egg; put into a frying-pan, with just enough butter to fry; fry until brown as an omelet. Serve well sprinkled with white sugar.

SWEET MILK GEMS.—Beat one egg well, add a pint of new milk, a little salt and graham flour until it will drop off the spoon nicely. Have ready your gem pans, well greased and heated. Bake in a quick oven, and send to the table hot.

MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

BY PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

"We went to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low, ruined wall a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long, dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its late occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bed-room, at this same time, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife and witnessed the great sunset of his life."

"Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—is Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest; and, as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's marble tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love, which brought her to a spot like this, might be not less worthy of immortality."

People Wonder

WHEN they find how rapidly health is restored by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The reason is that this preparation contains only the purest and most powerful alteratives and tonics. To thousands yearly it proves a veritable elixir of life.

Mrs. Jos. Lake, Brockway Centre, Mich., writes: "Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony. I was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an

Improvement

in my condition, my appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life, and I cannot thank you too much."

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular, and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggists.

My brother, in England, was, for a long time, unable to attend to his occupation, by reason of sores on his foot. I sent him Ayer's Almanac and the testimonials it contained induced him to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using it a little while, he was cured, and is now a well man, working in a sugar mill at Brabant, Queensland, Australia."—A. Attewell, Sharbot Lake, Ontario.

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Subscriptions for THE PACIFIC will be received at the drug store of W. M. Searby, 859 Market street; also at the drug store of David M. Gove, northwest corner of California and Fillmore streets; also by T. P. Strong, insurance agent, 470 Ninth street, Oakland.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1889.

We have been reading the new Constitution of Japan, and the story of the day of its promulgation by the Emperor. Both of these afford pleasant reading. No one fails to see the influence American ideas are having in that hopeful land. No one who reads between the lines of the Constitution fails to find there a record of the influence of those churches which foster the idea of a "free church in a free state"—that is, of the Congregational churches. All who know well our country's story know that the Congregational churches of New England produced the New England towns, and that the governments of these towns suggested the ideas, if not the forms, for the county, State, and national governments of our country; and that these churches early furnished the moulding men and moulding measures for all our original institutions; civil, political and educational, if not religious. Now, the institutions of the "Island Empire" are changing and shaping themselves anew. The changes have only begun, and the people of that empire need teachings and object lessons in the direction of liberty and equality. The Congregational churches should furnish such lessons in the best possible forms. Merge them, push them out of sight, load them with the forms of an oligarchy, cover them over with a pall foreign to their history, and you have hurt, if not destroyed, the best educating forces in Japan, and done an irreparable injury to the people of that land in respect to all their institutions, civil, political, educational and ecclesiastical, in all of which the liberties of Congregationalism must ever be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

It seems that a certain literary man of Boston has written a rather fascinating novel, in illustration of, and advocacy of, a certain kind or style of socialism; and that the literary circles of that wise and prudent city are forming themselves into new coteries and clubs for the discussion of the question in its fresher aspect. This aspect, we are told, is that of the nationalizing, in the first place, of all our industries, and finally centering all property rights in the government, and making all persons employees of the government. We have also a writer in the *Forum*, prophesying a speedy economic and social revolution in all civilized lands. That some modifications of our complex civilization in the direction indicated are both probable and desirable, we have no doubt. That any sudden or large changes in this direction impend, we do not see. That the literary folk of Boston should be moved by a literature study in socialism is very likely. Some of us can remember when a "craze" of this sort sent a dozen or two of the brightest minds of a former generation to Brook-farm to try an experiment in industrial socialism. That place proved not a bedlam, but a sort of purgatory, from which all went away, in a few years, sobered, cured, wiser, if not better people. We need not dread the new study, nor must we indulge any great expectations from it, or any other present scheme, like that of Mr. George, for instance. Slowly, slowly, as the generations go, and the centuries roll, will all great and beneficent social changes come, bringing the millennium.

We frequently hear people say that they will go with this party or that, according as they suppose the devil may favor the other party; and they wish always to oppose the devil. This rule of conduct supposes that Satan practices no strategy, and never fails to take the wrong side. But it is a biblical declaration that Satan may (for reasons not known to us) transform himself into an angel of light, and appear, for the time, at least, on the better side. If this be so, it is not a safe rule of conduct to go over in opposition to him. He may take the side he does, in order to mislead us, and get us over, after all, to the

side where we ought not to be. All this is said to show how poor a rule of conduct it is that goes by negations and oppositions to persons. We need to take our sides, and choose our courses of conduct, without regard to the wishes or the actions of the evil one. We are to go to God's way, and do as we ought, without respect to the feelings of bad men, or their leader. It may be true that we are likely to be right when we are in opposition to the evil one; and that we ought to be suspicious of our position when we find that personage along with us, if we ever do; but then, it will never do to let any one determine our positions for us who is a deceiver, a traitor, "a liar, and the father of it." He may be, after all, wishing within himself that we should take just the positions we do when we fancy that we are opposing him with all our might. No, let us do God's will, keep His commands, obey His law, and go His way; never consulting the feelings and little heeding the conduct of the evil one, or those who may sympathize with him.

The President of the United States of America has issued a proclamation, requesting all good people to assemble in the customary places of worship (in the morning at 9 o'clock) on the 30th of April, 1889 (the anniversary of Washington's Inauguration), to give thanks to God, for a hundred years of freedom and prosperity under the Constitution, then carried into full effect. A grand celebration of the event is to occur in New York city, where Washington took the oath of office. The President will attend, going by nearly the same route that Washington traveled on his way to the appointed scene of his formal entrance into office. This will be the last of our national centennials. No event of vast national importance (we say nothing of two little rebellions) occurred for nearly a quarter of a century after the "Father of his country" entered upon the duties of his high office.

LETTER FROM N. H. JACKS.

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March 31, 1889.

Christian Endeavor Society of Plymouth Congregational Church, San Francisco, Cal.—MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have long neglected you, but have not forgotten, for not a Sabbath evening goes by but my thoughts revert to the meeting which is being held by the young people I have long been associated with in the Master's work, and I breathe out a prayer that your meeting may be full of blessing to you all. Since last I met with you I have travelled two thousand miles, and have visited eight cities in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association. This northwest country, which includes Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, is peopled with the young. We have about twenty-five cities with population over ten thousand each, and growing so fast one hardly dare say what they will be in a year. Young men are flocking to us in large numbers from all over the world. Everywhere is heard the carpenter's saw and hammer. So great is the demand for houses to live in that men are compelled to work day and night. Here in Tacoma, men are sleeping on cots set up in a farm-like building, until lodging houses can be erected. It would be impossible for me to give you any adequate idea of the rapid growth in wealth and population of the Pacific northwest. Christian people are trying to keep pace with it, but are hardly succeeding. Not a church in any city up here that will seat the people who would come, and they are all going in for new churches. The gospel meetings held for "men only" by our Associations, are always packed. I have held gospel meetings in the Opera House here every Sunday, which have been attended by upwards of one thousand men each service. The saloon element is very strong in these northwest cities, and the last Sunday in February they undertook to drive me and my few followers off the ground when we came to open our service, but it proved to be a case in which the devil overreached himself, and we had a glorious meeting, the Opera House being packed to the doors, and a large number remained to inquire the way of life. And so we are pushing on, and are constantly reaching multitudes of young men that never go near the church. Eight of our Associations expect to build this year. I am to begin a building canvass on my return from Portland, about the 15th of this month. We expect to erect a \$30,000 building here—but I must stop or I will weary you.

The great love Presbyterians have for union in Japan is fully appreciated in this State, where they destroy, or grind over, a union church, if possible. They pull up what we plant if they can. Rev. Frederick D. Seward, Synodical Missionary for Southern California, says he "considers it his duty to plant a Presbyterian church wherever he finds a Congregational." All precedents teach us that unless the Union in Japan is a Presbyterian Church the Presbyterians will be the first to destroy it.

Wellesley College has received as a gift from Amos W. Stetson, of Boston, a collection of paintings valued at \$30,000.

FROM PORTLAND, OR.

The church in Holladay's addition, East Portland, are preparing to take out the benches that have been in use for a number of years, and put in comfortable cushioned pews, thus making the church much more attractive. The pastor, Rev. H. V. Rominger, will deliver a lecture on "Alaska," illustrated with stereopticon views by Geo. M. Weiser, at the First church in this city, Monday evening, April 8th, the proceeds of which will be used in paying for the new seats.

The address by Judge Williams, last Sunday evening week, at Trinity (Episcopal) church has excited much comment. It is probable that this address will be delivered at the First Congregational church before long.

An instructive and helpful sermon was given by Mr. Clapp last Sabbath morning week from Romans xiii. 13, "Let us walk honestly." At night there was a memorial service in honor of John Bright, the great English statesman, so good a friend of the United States in the trouble of 1861.

During the past week a good deal of interest has been manifested in a series of free lectures, given by Rev. D. M. Canright of Osego, Michigan, on the Seventh-Day Advent doctrine. Mr. Canright was a believer in that idea for twenty-eight years, but changed his views, and gives in these lectures his reason for doing so. He is an able and forcible speaker, and was a recognized leader among the Adventists during the years he adhered to their belief.

Rev. S. Derrick has resigned from the pastorate of the church at Hillsboro. The ladies of that church have greatly improved it by putting in a new carpet. Now it is a very comfortable and attractive house of worship.

Messrs. W. E. Stewart and O. D. Weeks, well known to many PACIFIC readers, resigned their positions as teachers in Pacific University about the middle of last month.

Our Congregational friends on Puget Sound are determined to have a University there. At a meeting of the Congregational Club, held in Seattle last Wednesday evening, the Committee appointed at a previous meeting to consider the advisability of establishing a Congregational University reported favorably, and it was decided to take the necessary steps towards the project at once. Thirty-three incorporators will be named, and from these twelve trustees will be chosen. A location will be secured at or near one of the cities on the Sound.

It is hoped that steps will soon be taken to organize a Congregational Club in Portland; surely, there is every reason why it should be organized, and none why it should not be. It would be of untold benefit to the cause in this vicinity, and create a unity of interest not easily reached in any other way. The churches at Forest Grove, Hillsboro, Beaverton, Oregon City, Scappoose, Albina, East Portland, Mt. Zion, and Plymouth, and the First of Portland, could furnish the material for an effective club, and all comparatively close together. At any rate, it would be a wise thing to discuss the feasibility of forming such an organization at the coming session of Willamette Association, which meets at Forest Grove on April 16th, instead of the 23d, as stated in a previous letter.

The following is the programme of the Association: Tuesday, April 16th: Morning session—Devotional services, led by Rev. T. E. Clapp; organization. Afternoon session—Devotion, led by Moderator; "Review of Currier's Life of Rev. C. L. Goodsell, D. D.," Rev. C. T. Whitteley; "The Current Unbelief," Cause and Remedy, discussion opened in a paper by Rev. L. G. Rogers; "The Relation of the Work of the A. H. M. S. to that of the other Societies," Rev. O. W. Lucas; Business. Evening session—Service of Song; Associational Sermon, Rev. H. V. Rominger.

Wednesday, April 17th: Morning session—Devotion, led by Rev. Anselm B. Brown; "How to Make our Churches more Useful," Three Articles by Revs. Savage, Hale and Gladden, reviewed by Rev. T. H. Henderson; Discussion of the above; "Do we Need a Change in the Mode of Admission to Church Membership?" Rev. G. J. Webster; Prayer Service: "The Spirit's Message to the Churches," led by Rev. Alonzo Rogers; Business.

Afternoon session—Three, yet One: The Cong'l S. S. and Pub. Society, the A. H. M. S. and the A. C. U.; Rev. G. A. Rockwood; Woman's Foreign Missionary Meeting; Leaflet: "Mothers and Homes of Africa," letter from Mrs. Holbrook; Paper on Missionary Topics, by Mrs. Robert Jones; Article: "The Home Side of Foreign Work; Poem: 'The Voice of the Christ Child,' read by Miss J. M. Adams; Oregon Woman's Home Missionary Society; "What have Home Missions done for the Women of Oregon?" Mrs. S. C. Hatch; "The Need of Thorough Organization," Mrs. E. E. Summerville. Evening session—Service of Song; Duties of the Churches to Pacific University, Hon. Napoleon Davis; In Memoriam: Resolutions of respect for Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., remarks by Rev. T. E. Clapp and others.

The Baptist church of East Portland recently called Rev. Mr. Snodgrass of Youngstown, O., to the pastorate. He preached his first sermon there to-day.

The rainfall in this city since January 1st is 7.68 inches, 13.65 inches below normal. However, there are no indications of any possible failure in crops of any kind.

A new Presbyterian church has been organized at the Springwater settlement, a few miles east of Oregon City, with about twenty members. A house of

worship costing about \$1,000 has been erected.

At the communion services to-day twelve united with the church, two on profession of their faith and ten by letter. April 7, 1889. GEO. H. HIMES.

THE INVESTMENTS OF OUR CHURCHES.

At the beginning of the year business men take an inventory of their stock and assets, and look over their investments and plan what to do for the future. Now, when they have done this and have fairly started on their own plans for this year, will not the men of our churches carefully look over our investments and consider what plans for the future are right for us as an organized body of Christians to pursue; to ascertain if the machinery by which our common work is done is adapted to the work to be done, or whether it is best to lay aside the old and get new.

The American Board is called one of our seven societies. It is called a Congregational society when it appeals to our churches for money. The churches now find that in its working it calls itself a union society, and that in results it is a feeder to the Presbyterian Church.

For ages our churches have given immense sums to found and build colleges. The writer of this is not aware that there is one east of the Mississippi that our churches have any control over, or one that has even the word Congregational connected with it. Harvard passed over to the Advanced Calvinistic Philosophy of the Presbyterian Church of England at the time of the visit to this country of Dr. Priestly, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Leeds, England. Union, Schenectady, was built up mainly by Dr. Nott, who forged often on our churches in his native State, Connecticut, for funds. Hamilton, that was built principally by our money, went under care of Presbytery about eight years ago. Marietta, founded and supported by the families of Generals Israel and Rufus Putnam of Revolutionary fame, staunch Congregationalists, is now rated as Presbyterian and Congregational. Western Reserve was founded and sustained with our money and self-denial. What ownership have we in it now? Wabash has gone entirely out of our influence. Nineteenth of the funds for Knox College came from our people. What have our churches to do with it now? If there is a college on this Coast that has the word Congregational in any way connected with it we would like to name the institution in these columns.

The Constitution of Auburn Seminary once specified that the trustees should be members of Presbyterian or Congregational churches. It may be the same now. The trustees of Chicago Theological Seminary are elected by delegates from the churches. The Constitution of Pacific Theological Seminary specifies that each trustee shall be a member of a Congregational church in this State. If there is another Seminary that has the word Congregational connected with it in any way it will be well for our people to know it. Let every man look over our investments and make out an inventory of what we have to show for these immense sums invested—an inventory of what we have good and sufficient title to. And let every man settle the question whether we shall keep on working the old machinery that has worked more against us than for us, or get new. Our churches, from the St. John's river to the Western shore, are one in purpose, and alive and vigorous. It is time they took affairs into their own hands, and looked after their own investments. It will be wise for every church to appoint a committee of business men who will conduct the business of the church in a straightforward, business way. Take nothing for granted. Say to every applicant for funds, "Hand over your abstract of title and let us have it examined." If the title is vested in our churches we will give; if the title is not in our churches, we will not give. We have lost millions by paying for property to which we have no title.

We believe the Pilgrims found their church polity in the Scriptures, and we intend to invest our money in objects that perpetuate that form of church organization because we believe it to be the best.

TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION.

The first transcontinental excursion under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association will start from this city for Kansas City, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points, Tuesday, April 23rd. Quite a number of Association men will go to attend the 18th Conference of General Secretaries at Orange, N. J., and the twenty-eighth International Convention to be held at Philadelphia, May 8th to May 12th. H. J. McCoy, General Secretary of San Francisco Association, will personally superintend the excursion, and all parties desiring to go East at this time will find this a most desirable excursion to join. For full particulars address C. H. Miles, 19 Montgomery street, or call upon Mr. McCoy, Young Men's Christian Association building, 232 Sutter street.

To throw a bomb, to set a house on fire, to wreck a railroad train, are considerable offenses compared to the deeds of these men who have introduced into millions of homes poverty, wretchedness, ignorance, crime and death. How long will a Christian public tolerate such criminals abroad?—*Zion's Herald*.

There are five hospitals for leprosy in Norway, three of which are in Bergen.

CHINESE NOTES.

One is often amused at the reports of China one reads in American newspapers. I remember distinctly how it was said last year that the American Consul at Canton was threatened by a mob; but, when the truth became known, it was found that he lived a very peaceful and happy life, undisturbed by mobs and incendiaries. Another similar false report was current in some Pacific Coast and other papers, that a certain young lady was massacred. I quote from one of these papers: "There was a general uprising among the natives and many were massacred. The residence of missionaries was attacked at dead of night by several hundred Chinese, armed with long spears and guns, and a number of people were killed. The mob next attacked the residence of some Europeans, and slaughtered them without mercy." Now, what is the real truth about this terrible uprising and wholesale slaughter? It is absolutely without foundation, though a few were a little apprehensive, that, since the Chinese Exclusion bill passed, it might incite the Chinese to deeds of violence; but the missionaries and foreigners at Canton have not been molested in the least, and I have pursued the even tenor of my way without any opposition caused by the passage of the recent bill. One could wish for a little more exactness in our American papers.

There was, however, a riot at Chenkiang, in which the following damage was done: Three houses forming a terrace burned, British Consulate and offices burned, the British Marshal's house burned, two missionaries' houses burned, the Baptist chapel burned, the Methodist chapel looted, United States Consulate looted, Customs Club partly burned and looted. But, with all this burning and looting, no lives were lost, though several persons sustained injuries from the attack. But this uprising was not caused by the opposition to the gospel—a certain policeman, in the discharge of his duty, was somewhat imprudent, and gave offense to certain Chinese, which afterwards resulted in this general destruction of property. Had a little more foresight and prudence been used, the affair might have been avoided. A Chinese crowd can be wielded at will, if the right measures are used; but, if the fire of hatred has been once engendered, danger is sure to follow. The foreigners, when the burning commenced, all escaped to the ships lying in the river.

You will already have heard that Rear-Admiral Ralph Chandler has passed from earth to his final reward. He only came to Hongkong three days before his death. He had been in command of the United States naval forces in the Asiatic Station since November 22, 1886. His wife and daughter attended his last hours. The immediate cause of his death was a stroke of apoplexy, which he received while on his way to visit the Governor of Hongkong. He lived some hours afterwards, passing away on the evening of the 11th of February. His funeral was one of the largest that ever occurred in Hongkong. Three chaplains, and from British men-of-war, conducted the burial service, and the ceremony was an exceedingly impressive one. All the flags of the different Consulates, Government house, business houses, and shipping in the harbor, were hung at half mast, and all business was suspended after 12 o'clock. All the principal officers of the Hongkong Government followed his remains to the grave, and yet, singularly enough, his wife and daughter were not present. (Ladies never join a funeral procession in Hongkong.) The words on the coffin plate showed him to have been born August 3, 1829. And so he sleeps in "Happy Valley," where all Europeans are buried, and a very pretty spot it is. No doubt; he would have chosen to pass away from the scenes of his labors in America, but not so did God order. And here he lies, in common with men of different nationalities, until the resurrection morn.

C. R. HAGER.

BROTHER HAGER'S MISTAKE.

DEAR PACIFIC: That "Letter From China," by our good brother, Rev. C. R. Hager, roused a whole train of thoughts regarding that dearly beloved brother, who was one of our own sons, to go forth from the Pacific Theological Seminary, and who, at his ordination, received the right hand of fellowship from Dr. Barrows of the First Congregational church, and who received a most earnest and loving benediction from all the brethren as he went forth under commission for China. Now, Brother Hager is severely tried by the remarks of Dr. Barrows, who "criticized the American Board and questioned about advising his church to take a collection for the Board this year."

Then, Brother Hager remarks: "I ask myself this question, 'What have I done that I should no longer be supported by one of the churches sending me out?' I have not changed my faith. I have labored for six years alone amid difficulties and trials, chiefly only known to myself."

Now, I will venture to assure this devoted missionary that the remarks of Dr. Barrows and the action of the First church in withholding or curtailing its contributions to the American Board had not the remotest reference to any dissatisfaction with his labors or his beliefs. For that church believes in a broad and enlightened freedom in religious thought. The fact is, your correspondent, though a member of said church, and three thousand miles distant from it, is quite sure that the church assumed the commendable position that the unwarranted course

pursued by Dr. Alden and the Prudential Committee demanded a rebuke from the churches for their dogmatic intolerance in withholding appointments to such earnest and devoted Christian workers as the Revs. Noyes, Torney, and others.

The most effective way to bestow this rebuke is to withhold the pecuniary power which enables them to indulge in that bigoted intolerance.

The good Lord knows that I would not have any less amount given to carry on the glorious work of his kingdom. The Home Missionary and other channels are pleading for greater aid and more ardent support.

I sincerely hope the First church will show its deep interest in our Brother Hager by sending direct to him a much larger sum than he would receive if the contribution went into that dogmatic iron chest of the Prudential Committee. And your correspondent will claim the privilege of being one to aid in making this remittance. I am sure we cannot place too high a value on the freedom of religious thought; and he who would struggle to shackle such freedom is a great hindrance to the progress of the Master's kingdom, and should be relieved from all authority.

Is it not high time for the oppression and intolerance of the darker ages to flee away? Shall I now in this latter part of the nineteenth century 'ask the brave and earnest soldier who is fighting by my side in the cause of manhood if our creeds agree'? I wish every one had in store a loud amen for the grand words of Noah Porter—"God forbid that we should barter our theological freedom or our evangelistic zeal for dogmatic intolerance or ecclesiastical management." I remain most cordially and ever yours, S. A. C.

Norton, Mass., March 21st.

BIEBER, MODOC CO.

How true it is that God's ways are not our ways, and that he often brings about great good through channels which appear trivial or even discouraging to us. Such was the condition of a Sunday-school organized in far-away Modoc county by a Sunday-school missionary last summer.

A few had gathered together on a cold, blustering Sunday afternoon in a great barn-like building to hear what this stranger had to say to them. Before they separated, however, a school had been planned and consecrated to God for the study of his Word. But to most of the good people of Bieber this was a very inauspicious movement, and many were the predictions of short life for the school. The all-important question, of course, was, Who shall be the Superintendent? For behold there was not a professing Christian present. At last, the lot fell to a "moral young man of good standing in the community." They builded better than they knew.

Eight months passed by and this young man had occasion to visit the metropolis, and while there took the opportunity to hunt up the "stranger" who had visited them the summer before; and this is what he told him:

"I was not a Christian, as you know, when you left the Sunday-school in my charge, but I believed that we had lived like heathen long enough in Bieber. So, I took hold and pushed things after you left. We formed a Bible class, and, as no one seemed willing to teach it I tried, and you ought to have seen it grow. We soon had 20 and 25, and sometimes more in that class alone. Then we set to work, and fitted up a warm, comfortable room to meet in, and sent for singing books. But, somehow, the singing was not a marked success. So, we put our heads together to see what could be done about an organ. At first, a \$22 instrument was thought good enough; then one costing \$40 was suggested. But, as our enthusiasm increased, our pocket-books enlarged, and we finally united upon and purchased a \$90 Estey. Now the singing is good, and we often remain and sing for an hour after the lesson is over. Last winter my mother died. This brought my thoughts directly to my own personal condition, and the query came home to me, Was I, in teaching a class in Sunday-school, consistent with the profession (or non-profession) that I made in every-day life? And so, when I came to San Francisco and heard Sam Jones thundering away the gospel at sinners like me I just gave up and made a complete surrender to Christ. Now, I am going back in a different spirit to work for his Sunday-school and mine, and if we can only persuade some good minister to come over and help us I believe we can organize a church there before a year has gone by. Pray for us!"

How tenderly the Father leads his children! This surely is a Macedonian cry! But we know that Brother Howells has his eye on Bieber, and now that he has, at last, by dint of perseverance and hard work, completed his pretty little church at Adin, we may soon hear again, through him, still better news from this mountain valley, where, a few years ago, the hostile Modoc held undisputed sway.

Let us not forget to pray for these outposts, where a few home missionaries are so bravely holding up the Cross of Christ.

L. L. W.

A German sister writes to Mrs. Kepley as follows: "Show clearly to the mass of the Germans the pecuniary cost of the license system and the liquor traffic—of beer-drinking, and you will by that one act muster two-thirds of the Germans around us, armed 'to the teeth,' in the front of the battle."

Religion

The attendance Monday Church many visitors. J. T. Ford Palmer of N. Bevier, at San Diego of Chicago Bartlett of the Club of the Present History," able, address week. The ly adopted moved by Bartlett for a modern reser in connection truth of the to the annual ciation, at tinary next f for two we pural Law of

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Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The attendance was large at the last Monday Club, twenty-four members and many visitors, among whom were Rev. J. T. Ford of Los Angeles, Rev. F. H. Palmer of Massachusetts, and Mr. H. N. Bevier, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at San Diego. Rev. H. L. Hammond of Chicago led in prayer. President Bartlett of Dartmouth College addressed the Club on "Results of Discussions, to the Present Time, on the Early Biblical History." An abstract of this very able address will be published next week. The Club gladly and unanimously adopted the following expression, moved by Professor Dwinell, "That the thanks of our Club be given to President Bartlett for his very interesting and scholarly address, giving the results of modern research and scientific discussion in connection with the vindication of the truth of the biblical narrative." Owing to the annual meeting of the Bay Association, at the Pacific Theological Seminary next Monday, the Club adjourned for two weeks, when Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond will present the subject, "The Natural Law of Retribution."

Rev. President Bartlett preached in the First church Sabbath morning to a large congregation from the text, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. iii: 13-15). The sermon was full of beautiful, fitting illustrations; it was strong, clear and practical, worthy of the place, the man and the theme.

Plymouth church received six to membership on confession of faith. Rev. J. T. Ford assisted at the communion services. Pastor Scudder preached in the evening on "Angels as Ministering Spirits."

At the Third church ten members were received four on confession of faith, and the ordinances of infant and adult baptism and the Lord's Supper were administered. Chaplain Blake assisted Pastor Cruzan at the Lord's table. The congregation was large. In the evening Mr. Cruzan preached from Jer. vi: 1: "Run to and fro through the streets and see if ye can find a man." Beginning March 31st, Evangelist K. A. Bunnell conducted a five days' Sunday-school Institute in the Third church. Pastor Cruzan speaks approvingly of the work done among the children.

At Bethany church eight were received to membership, seven on confession of faith, three of these were Chinese. Rev. H. L. Hammond assisted in the services. In the evening Dr. Pond began a course of lectures on "Elisha." The introductory lecture of the evening was on "The Spirit and Office of the Hebrew Prophets."

Rev. C. F. Wood preached at Olivet church on "Walking in the Light" and "Being Weighed in the Scales." The increasing audiences in this church continue to show the benefits of having a comfortable, attractive house to meet in.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff preached in the Green-street church on "Characteristics of a Successful Church."

Rev. F. J. Culver reported fifty-five in the Sabbath-school and forty-seven at the evening service on Devisadero street.

At the First church, Oakland, 61 were received to membership, 47 on confession of faith. Fourteen of these new members came through the Market-street branch. At the last communion 24 members were received, 14 on confession. Quite a large number will join at the next communion. Pastor McLean addressed the persons received in the morning on "Spiritual Growth and Its Methods." In the evening his sermon was upon "Light out of Darkness—the Blessedness We Get from Temptation."

Rev. F. H. Palmer preached at Plymouth-avenue and the East Oakland churches last Sabbath. After a brief but pleasant visit Mr. Palmer returned to his home in North Weymouth, Massachusetts, this week.

Rev. Professor Moor preached for pastor Bacon at Berkeley last Sabbath.

The church in Benicia has enjoyed a pleasant week of evangelistic meetings, led by Rev. Mr. Lewis of Berkeley. Last Sabbath the pastor preached in the morning on "The Friend of Sinners," and in the evening on "Manliness as a Quality Needed in Religion."

The Free Baptist church in this city received five to membership on confession. Exercises of the Society of Christian Endeavor were held in the evening.

The Lorin church received seven to membership, two on confession, four of these were young men. Two were baptized, one on last Wednesday by immersion. Rev. J. H. Strong assisted pastor Bickford at the Lord's table.

Fifty were received to the membership of the First Presbyterian church in Oakland last Sabbath.

Rev. Walter Frear again supplied the Second church, Oakland.

Santa Clara Association will meet with the church at San Juan April 16th and 17th. The programme is: Tuesday afternoon—Examination by Council of candidate for ordination; evening—Sermon by Rev. M. Willett; organization. Wednesday morning—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. L. D. Rathbone; reports from the churches; "History of

San Juan Congregational Church," by Mrs. S. Cargill; "Revivals and Revivalists," Rev. C. W. Hill; discussion; "The Preaching that Tends to Save Souls," Rev. D. E. Taylor; "Pastoral Visiting," Rev. A. B. Palmer. Wednesday afternoon—"Review of the Life of Rev. C. L. Goodell, D.D.," Rev. L. C. Rathbone; "How to Make the Prayer-Meeting the Meeting of the Week," Rev. W. H. Cross; communion; sermon by Rev. C. R. Hill; business. Wednesday evening—Addresses: "How the Y. P. S. C. E. Can Help the Church," Rev. W. H. Cross; "The Mission of the Sunday-School," Rev. D. E. Taylor; "Sabbath Desecration," Rev. M. Willett.

The church at Petaluma is enjoying a good degree of success. The congregations are large and constantly increasing, and all the societies in connection with the church are deeply interested in the church's work. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is in a flourishing condition, and any one who believes that "women should never speak in meeting"—should he attend our meeting of young people—would have his sense of propriety rudely shocked. The pastor has very efficient assistants among the young people. The Ladies' Aid Society have raised money to purchase stained-glass windows for the church, including a memorial window to a former pastor's wife, Mrs. Ivan Marty. It is expected the windows will be in position by Easter. The young people have organized a choir among themselves, and at the choral service the first Sabbath evening in the month they usually render a very interesting programme. Union revival meetings are now being held by the Rev. W. H. Claggett, S.

Mr. Loyal L. Wirt, who canvassed the northern counties last summer in the work of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, and who has addressed several of our churches since in the interest of that work, is commissioned for similar service in Humboldt county, or the more central counties, as opportunity shall invite, during the Seminary vacation from May to September. He would be glad if pastors whose attention has been drawn to neighborhoods in which Sunday-schools are needed would correspond with him, or otherwise suggest to him places and services by which we could best co-operate with them in the good cause. We may add that they and their people will find Mr. Wirt a genial, inspiring helper.

The last General Association failed to choose delegates to the National Council, which meets in Worcester, Mass., on the 9th of October. It is important, therefore, that the local conferences or associations choose delegates at their next meetings, if they have not already done so, throughout the whole Pacific Coast. The churches are entitled to one delegate for every ten churches, and fraction of ten larger than a half. The delegates, as far as possible, should be divided equally between ministers and laymen.

"A word to the wise": Should one Mr. C. Fillingham call on any of the ministers or readers of THE PACIFIC, with a view to supplying any Congregational church, they will do well, before contemplating such a step, to correspond with Rev. W. D. Williams, pastor Congregational Church, Tulare, Cal.

Rev. J. G. Eckles has been appointed postmaster at Tulare City. Last Sunday was "Young People's Day" at San Mateo. The Congregations were very good both morning and evening. The pastor preached in the morning from the text, "Feed my lambs," and the evening subject was "Good Works."

Rev. J. B. Silcox, pastor, preached two very excellent and eminently practical sermons in San Diego on Sunday last. That in the morning was on "The New Birth" and at night on "The Christian Life," as presented by Paul—a life of love.

Notwithstanding the temporary business depression in San Diego, very good congregations greet Bro. Silcox in the Congregational Church.

EDITORS PACIFIC: For the information of the contributors I beg to report that I remit this day to Rev. A. H. Clapp, Treasurer A. H. M. Society, New York, amounts received since my remittance of February 28, 1889—\$431.55—from the following churches:

March 4, Plymouth-avenue, Oakland.	\$ 28 50
March 7, " " " "	3 25
March 8, Plymouth Congregational church, San Francisco.	23 00
March 13, Alameda Congregational church.	10 00
March 15, Congregational church, Ferndale.	20 00
March 16, Ladies' Aid Society, Congregational church, Redwood.	13 00
March 19, Congregational church, Benicia.	33 35
March 19, Plymouth-avenue Congregational church, Oakland.	11 00
March 19, Santa Cruz Congregational church, \$12.65; Christian Endeavor Society, \$8.	20 65
March 21, First Congregational church, Rio Vista.	20 00
March 21, Haywards Congregational church, \$12; Rev. Mr. Madge for Christian Endeavor Society, \$5.	17 00
March 22, Oroville Congregational church.	16 00
March 22, Women's State Home Missionary Society.	35 00
March 25, Olivet Congregational church, San Francisco.	5 10
April 1, Congregational church, Saratoga.	38 00
April 2, Woodland Congregational church.	29 20
April 5, Alameda Congregational church for 1888.	108 50
Total.	\$431 55

J. S. HUTCHINSON,
Treasurer A. H. M. S.
San Francisco, April 8, 1889.

EASTERN OREGON NOTES.

The opponents of Christianity have invented a phrase which I am surprised to find so often in the mouths of Christians—that phrase is, "Too many churches." Now, surely, the children of God do not think when they so readily say this of towns. Yet, it seems to stand on reasonable ground. So does every sophistry. The theory seems to be abroad that in each town there should be but "one strong church, instead of a number of small and weak ones." That sounds plausible. Without thinking, it seems axiomatic; but is unsound, for it is hard to harmonize different classes of people even in one church. They are better off in different churches, preserving mutual relations of kindness. Then, there are more godly pastors brought into the town, and they can care for the various flocks better than one could alone; and every godly minister brought into a town is a blessing to the town, as well as to the Christian work there. Then, in small churches, more workers, on the whole, are fostered than if all were in one church. They feel obliged, as they say, to be at the meetings and be active in church work because there are so few there. This is a grand result of having a number of churches. We ought to be more careful about repeating such a cry as "Too many churches." If they are churches of Christ, laboring as best each can for the advancement of the gospel, is it likely that there will be too many such in any one place? To be sure, if there are three or four churches in a town, and a fourth comes in—not in the name of Christ, but of sectarianism—and seeks to destroy the other churches, this is a different thing. This last would be one too many churches of its kind if it were the only one in the town! But if for real desire to help along the work of Christ, and the war with unbelief, any new gospel church will come to our town, I am sure it would be welcome. We have saloons here on our streets abundant; resorts of vice too many. Now, if all gospel denominations will concentrate their money and people on Pendleton, and establish lively gospel churches, even though streaked by human infirmities, they will be welcome. There are not and cannot be too many churches of Christ here.

Avocation! "The use of this word for vocation in very improper," so says Webster; so says the derivation of "avocation" plainly; and yet a certain Governor of a State, in a recent Thanksgiving Proclamation, did just this thing. The learned editor of the *Christian Union* (New York), in a recent issue, allowed just this thing. And now Professor Crawford, Superintendent of the Portland (Or.) public schools, in their fifteenth annual report (page 10), does it. And it is wearisome to note the frequency with which it is done in the common newspaper and conversation. "Avocation" is one's calling or chief occupation. "Avocation" is any lesser engagement, diverting one from his vocation. Pass it along!

Our Y. P. S. C. E. seems to be just the thing we have been wanting. Our young officers are very efficient, and our prayer-meetings are large and good.

I believe we need an agent of the C. S. S. and P. Society to look over these eastern counties of Oregon in the interests of Sabbath-school work; and, if we do it now, we shall be on time. It'll be too late very soon. Satan gets just a little ahead of immigration, and then is all ready to receive the new-comers with open arms; but the Sunday-school and the church would do better by them and the new country.

In a recent trip to Baker City, it certainly did seem to me as if the magnificent valley lying to the north of it must soon be the home of thousands of families, and we should be on time for them. Then, Baker City itself has but four Protestant churches to its 4,000 population. By all means, a Congregational church should be put in there, not only to help along in the advancement of the gospel, but to be on hand and ready to supply the outlying valley as it fills up with people.

I wonder if men that will go out on their own responsibility (see Luke xxii: 35) are not the ones God is calling for to-day, when the Home Mission Treasurers fail to equal the demands of the work.

Pendleton, Or.
FROM DUNGENESS, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

In 1857, Mr. William Duncan, of the Church of England, began missionary work among the Tsimpshean Indians of British Columbia, since transferred to New Metlakla in Alaska. In 1860, Rev. J. H. Wilbur, of the Methodist Episcopal church, began similar work among the Yakama Indians of Middle Washington, which he continued for about twenty-five years, and which has been carried on by others since his death.

Over twenty years ago, an Indian girl, who had learned considerable about Christ from Mr. Duncan, came to Puget Sound, where for a time she lived rather a wild, immoral, dissolute life, and was married to a white man, at last she settled down at Dungeness, about six hundred miles south of her native place. A sister of hers followed her eighteen years ago, was married to an Italian Catholic, and settled near her. Another girl from the Yakama Indians, who still remembers with pleasure the Christian teachings of Father Wilbur, about the same time, left her home, and after leading a not over virtuous life, married an English sailor, and settled not far from the Tsimpshean sisters, nearly three hundred miles west of her native place, all three being within

four miles of our church at Jamestown, near Dungeness.

Several years ago, and near the same time, the first of the Tsimpshean sisters and the Yakama women asked me to baptize their children, for they knew me, although I did not know them. This led to an acquaintance, and after waiting for some time, and satisfying myself about their Christian character, I received one into the church in November, 1884, and the other one in May, 1885, baptizing their children at the same time that they were thus received.

Last Sabbath the husband of the Yakama woman and the sister of the Tsimpshean woman also came into the church, having been preparing for it for six months or more, the man having been led to Christ through the death of one of his children, which I had baptized.

Thus one sower and another reaper, and good seed, buried about as deep as it will could be under immorality and whisky, and transplanted for hundreds of miles, and lost to the sight and knowledge of the sowers, so that at one time, any person not a Christian would have spoken with scorn at the results of the teaching, and most Christians would have been speechless in reply, has yet come up. So we sow beside all waters, and the sowers and the reapers rejoice together, albeit some are in heaven and some hundreds of miles apart on earth.

I see that your correspondent from Port Angeles claims that they have the first Congregational Church in Clallam County. We welcome that church into our fellowship; but the Indians of Jamestown, near Dungeness, in 1878 erected a church building; in 1882 a Congregational church was organized there, which now numbers twenty-six members, a few of whom are whites. In 1880 they bought a church bell; since 1878 they have had a Sabbath school, which has been kept up summer and winter, and, if I am not mistaken, have also most of the time kept up weekly a prayer meeting, the only one for about ten years in Clallam County. M. E. Skokomish, March 27, 1889.

THE GOLDEN GATE CHURCH.

The church has been under continued revival influences since the Week of Prayer. There was a large accession to the membership the first of March. During the last three weeks John Curry, the Scotch evangelist, has been aiding the pastor in daily meetings—preaching in the evening and Bible-readings in the afternoon. These services have been attended with great spiritual power. The audiences have increased even to the last meeting. The auditorium, the aisles, and the lecture-room back of the pulpit, have been packed with eager listeners. Large numbers of these, and not a few of the converts, have been from the non-church-going people, some even coming from distant parts of the city. At present, no estimate can be made of the number of conversions.

Pastor Cooke has been under the steady strain of revival work day and night for three months—first, in his own church; then in the Moody meetings; then a week at San Jose, where he began to break from constant strain on brain and nerve. As Sidney Smith said of a friend of his, "He has not body enough to cover his mind decently." During the last ten days Brother Cooke has been utterly prostrate, often unable to eat or sleep. Force of will has kept him out of bed.

FINANCES.

The Golden Gate is financially one of the weakest in this part of the State, but all the pastor's salary has been paid to date. Valuable improvements have recently been made on the building and furniture, and \$75 have been raised and paid to defray the expenses of extra services. On Friday night, Mr. Curry, unexpectedly to nearly every one, called attention to what all had noticed, that the pastor was broken down and needed rest. He asked the church to give him six months vacation, and raise \$500 to send him East. It was the general feeling that the audience was not prepared to act, and, after the extraordinary draft on the finances of the society, not \$25 could be raised. Then and there Mr. Curry gave something of his own means, and then announced a small amount some friend had handed him for the proposed object. Lastly, he asked those who felt like helping to come forward and lay their offerings on the table. A few came and gave liberally from their poverty. In a few moments, one man pressed his way forward and laid down \$50; others, \$25, \$20, \$10, \$5, and smaller sums. Before the doxology was sung there was on the table, in cash and pledges, nearly \$250. On Monday morning the pastor had in his hands \$320 in cash, and more was coming. It is known that some of these gifts were like the first cake from the last handful of meal to save the life of God's prophet. At present, Pastor Cooke is too feeble to travel. He will go into the country for some days, until it is safe for him to venture on a journey, when he will go East with his family.

THE BUILDING.

Golden Gate church very much needs larger accommodations. The Sunday-school of more than 200 is much crowded; the ordinary congregations are too large for the house; the weekly prayer-meetings even need more comfortable quarters. Men of means in the wealthy churches can hardly make a better investment of some of their increase than to give a few thousand dollars to this needy and worthy church toward a new edifice. Who will give the enterprise the first start? W. A. TENNEY.

SALEM.

Messrs Studd and Bish have been holding a long series of evangelistic services at the Presbyterian church. The meetings have been interesting, enjoyable and beneficial.

The Roman Catholics have built a new and more commodious house of worship on the site from which the old one was removed. A number of Benedictine monks opened three or four years since a school for boys, about twelve miles from Salem, at a place they call Mt. Angel. The school has so prospered that they are now opening a department for the training of priests. Thirteen youths have already expressed a desire to become students in this department.

Rev. A. B. Brown exchanged pulpits with Rev. Henderson of the Congregational church of Albina, Sunday, March 31st. The new Congregational church at Corvallis will be dedicated the 14th of this month.

The programme of Willamette Conference of Congregational churches to meet at Forest Grove the 16th, is out.

Christian Scientists are at work in Salem and vicinity, and are growing in numbers. Salem is extending her borders far and wide. Addition after addition has been made, till it has become a study to find names for them. Lots are selling at good prices, and our population has increased twenty-five per cent. in the last year. Salem never will be a compact city, but will always be a beautiful one. Dr. Wilson, the original owner of the townsite, was a large-hearted man who believed in plenty of fresh air and elbow room. He laid out his town accordingly, with broad streets, wide alleys and large lots. In summer, the city is literally embowered in spreading maple, oak and other native trees, interspersed with varieties from other lands. Every home has its lawn and flower-beds, and neatly trimmed hedges are rapidly taking the place of the old-fashioned fence. The plaza about the state and court houses has been enlarged and trees planted, and will soon, we hope, be ornamented with drives, flower-beds, and fountains. E. S. K.

April 6, 1889.

New Hampshire women seem to thrive on defeat. The Manchester W. C. T. U. has secured fifty new members since March 12th.

Overland Excursions.

AN EXCURSION WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO May 7th, conveying delegates and others to the PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, to meet in New York City, May 16th to 28th; under the personal supervision of REV. F. E. SHEARER, D.D., the Stated Clerk of the Synod of the Pacific. The route will be via the

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UNITED EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

- IN -

COUNTRY CENTERS.

Christians desirous of such meetings are referred to the letter on the subject in the PACIFIC of March 27th, by Mr. W. Corrie Johnston, and may communicate with him at P. O. Box 41, Oakland, Cal.

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SAN DIEGO, 638 Fifth Street.

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Children's Department.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."
—Golden Days.

BED-TIME STORIES.

"Tell me a story, do!" said Perley, leaning against auntie's knee.

"Tory, do!" echoed little Dean, cuddled in her lap, robed for bed in his bright flannel "nighty."

"Auntie has told all her stories. She hasn't got any more," was the reply. "Make one, then," said Ruthie. "Those you make are just as good, and better."

Thus urged and complimented, auntie said, "Well, I can tell a little bit of a story about the baby."

The baby was a boy, do you know, who wanted to play out doors with his brothers; but he liked to be a baby about bed-time. His name, as he gave it, was Harvy Dean Big-Boy Leland. This was the story auntie told about him:

"There was a big baby named Dean, at bed-time all rosy and clean, He delighted to cuddle All up in a huddle In lap,—this big baby named Dean."

The children applauded. "I in 'tory!" said Dean, with a little wriggle of delight.

"Now you must tell one 'bout me," said Perley, the next littlest boy. So after a minute's thought auntie told this about Perley:

"There was a small urchin named Perley, What he hated was getting up early; He laid abed late,"

Here she stopped to think a little, and John tried to help her out with, "Till the breakfast was ate."

"O John! I thought you were studying grammar! You ought to do better than that."

John laughed. "Begin again," said he, "and maybe it'll go right along next time."

"There was a small urchin named Perley, What he hated was getting up early; He laid abed late, And made the folks wait, This lazy young marmkin Perley."

"I don't get up late always," said Perley.

"Tell about me," said quiet little Ruthie.

Auntie pondered Ruth's name, and then gave her this:

"There was a small maiden named Ruth, One day she was rather uncouth; She carelessly stumbled, And fearfully tumbled, And knocked out a little front tooth."

Ruthie's lips, parting in a gay laugh, verified the story with a full view of the vacancy among her ivories.

"Now me!" said Luther, crowding closer to the side of the story-teller.

"Luther! Luther! that name is too hard. I shall have to give you your nickname."

"That's good enough," said Luther.

"I know a young laddie named Lute Who is sometimes inclined to dispute, Yet to work he is willing, And many a shilling Is worth to his mother—this Lute."

"Yes, yes; that's true! Lute is good to work, though he's apt to get into scrapes. Better not tell one about me," said John, the sensitive, afraid to have his portrait exhibited.

"General vote."

"There was a big school-boy named John, We cannot be glad when he's gone, Yet he has a sad fashion Of getting in a passion When we scarcely believe it is John."

"You'll have to plead guilty to that, John—for it's true," said Fred.

"I s'pose 'tis," said John. "But just wait and hear what she says about you."

"I can't tell any more. Baby is almost asleep, and I must put him in bed. You can make one about Fred, amongst you."

"So we will!" said the boys. They made such a chattering about it that their mother told them she could not finish the letter she was writing unless they went into the kitchen. So they went. By-and-by they all came back.

"We've each made one, and I've written them all down," said John. "This is mine. I think it is true, too."

"There was a big brother named Fred, And, because he was older, he said, We all must obey. That isn't the way Big brothers should do, Mister Fred."

Mamma looked searchingly at Fred. "I am afraid there is some truth in that," said she.

Fred laughed, and grew red, too. "But this is true, too. Hear it," he said.

"There was a tall schoolboy named Fred, He eats up a big lot of bread, Yet still gets no fatter. What can be the matter? It goes into length, thinketh Fred."

This brought applause and laughter. When there was an opportunity to read again, "This is Luther's," said John.

"Tisn't so very good," said Lute. "I couldn't make the last line any shorter."

"There was a big brother named Fred, Who thought a good deal of his head. He parted his hair With very much care, And didn't have to go early to bed."

"Very well done, all of them," said mamma. "And now the exercises are closed, for I know Fred ought to be doing his examples."

Perley yawned. "I'll go to bed with any feller," said he. So he and Luther went up stairs, and there was silence in the sitting-room.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LUCKIEST FELLOW IN TOWN.

"Fred Dixon is the luckiest fellow in town; everything he wants he gets; everything he undertakes prospers. Did you hear he has the place at Kelly's, that so many have been trying to get?"

"You don't say so! Why, he is a very young man to fill so responsible a position."

"Yes," added the first speaker, "he always would stand on the top of the ladder in school. Though not the brightest scholar, he managed to carry off the honors upon quitting school, which he did at an earlier age than most of his classmates because he had to help support his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. He only had to ask for a situation, and lo! all other applicants were ruled out, and Fred had the preference."

Boys, "Our Boys," do you know any Fred Dixons? If you do, don't think it is luck that helps him along, gives him the laurels at school, aids him to obtain first-class situations, puts him in places of trust and honor, where a good name or untarnished character is required.

Look back in the pages of his life. See if he was not studious at school, fair and square in all boyish games, gentlemanly and obliging in all his dealings. Ask his friends if truthfulness, faithfulness to his duty, steadfastness of purpose, are not his characteristics. Find out whether he has ever been known to frequent tippling shops, gambling dens and kindred places of vice; whether he spends his spare time in filling his mind with trashy literature, such as is thrown broadcast over our land, in the shape of dime novels. Depend upon it, boys, you will never be "the luckiest fellow in town" unless you earn it by honesty and integrity of character, and fidelity to all your undertakings.—*Christian at Work.*

A TREE PRODUCES COFFEE-SACKS.

A notable tree is the antiaris saccidora, or sack tree of Western India, the inner bark of which forms a very good material for sacking, and also for cordage. It often attains a height of one hundred feet, with a diameter of six feet. The native method of making sacks of this material is very simple. Usually a tree about one foot in diameter is chosen, and from this a section of the length desired for the sack is cut. The log is steeped for some time in water, in order to soften the bark, and is then beaten all round with clubs. In this way the outer bark is removed, and the inner detached from the wood and rendered soft and pliable. Next it is folded over on itself at one end, after the manner of skinning a squirrel, and so turned inside out. All that is now required to complete the sack is that one of the ends be sewed up, which is readily done. But a sack may be made without stitch or seam. This is done by arresting the process of skinning some two or three inches above the farther end of the log, and then sawing off the latter at that point. The sack has then a solid wooden bottom. These sacks are extensively used in Western India and Ceylon, and serve their purpose very well. The same material is sometimes employed in the manufacture of clothing, and for paper-making. To prepare it for the former purpose, the bark is stripped off in pieces, which are then thoroughly soaked and beaten out, till the texture becomes white and rough like fur. It is then cut according to the required shapes, and stitched together.

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh!" replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked. "Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter; but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home; they are both so beautiful!"

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but, before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robes in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—*Ex.*

ANECDOTES OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

A story is told of a rebuke which Sir Edwin Landseer once received from a stern guardian of the law at South Kensington. Sir Edwin was looking round the galleries, when on one of his own pictures he saw some dust, and with his own handkerchief he gently brushed it off. The policeman detected him, and inquired: "What are you a-doin' of there, touching them pictures?"

Converse with the wicked leads astray.

A DIALOGUE ABOUT AFRICAN MONEY.

Teacher—Did you ever see African money?

Scholar—I don't think I have, but I suppose it is very much like ours.

Teacher—It is nothing like ours, nor like the money of any other country. Indeed, it cannot be called money, properly, for the people of Africa have neither coins nor bank-bills.

Scholar—What do they use?

Teacher—Sometimes they use beads, ivory, and cotton cloth, and in some sections, especially along the Congo, brass rods.

Scholar—Brass rods! That is the strangest of all. How much are they worth?

Teacher—About twelve cents and a half by the time they get to Africa, and it takes five of them to make a pound.

Scholar—How large are they?

Teacher—About twenty-six inches long. When Mr. Stanley was in Africa he used these rods, and at one time had four tons of them in his store-house on the Congo river.

Scholar—They must be very inconvenient to carry around.

Teacher—They do not carry them around as we do our money, but keep them stored away, and only bring them out when they want to trade.

Scholar—What do they buy?

Teacher—Whatever they want. There are some things they never buy because they do not wear them, such as boots, caps, trousers and coats. Their only covering is a piece of cotton cloth wound around the loins of the grown people, while the children often are without even that. You see, they don't spend money on dress, nor waste time in fixing up. One of the evils uses they make of these rods is to barter with them for human beings.

Scholar—Do they buy and sell slaves in Africa?

Teacher—A great many grown people, as well as children, are bought and sold even in those regions where white people are. They will give from two to three hundred brass rods for a good, bright boy.

Scholar—Are they sold away from their parents?

Teacher—Yes, they are bought by strangers, who sometimes take them far away from home, and who care nothing for them beyond the labor they get from them. One poor, little slave boy came to a missionary and begged him to buy him from his master, for he knew he would be taught and well treated by the missionary. When the missionary had taken him, and he was dressed as English boys are, he put his arms around him, called him his father, and said that he would always live with him.

Scholar—Are they doing nothing to stop this wicked thing?

Teacher—Yes, missionaries are there laboring among these people, and we hope after awhile there will be no more people or children sold in Africa.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

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Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but, before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robes in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—*Ex.*

ANECDOTES OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

A story is told of a rebuke which Sir Edwin Landseer once received from a stern guardian of the law at South Kensington. Sir Edwin was looking round the galleries, when on one of his own pictures he saw some dust, and with his own handkerchief he gently brushed it off. The policeman detected him, and inquired: "What are you a-doin' of there, touching them pictures?"

Converse with the wicked leads astray.

"I've often touched this one before," Sir Edwin replied.

But the constable did not recognize the painter, and looking on the confession as impudence, replied: "Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you! Hall right! You just come along with me!"

Sir Edwin was marched off to the authorities, and the constable began his story about having seen "this 'ere man pulling the pictures about," when, to his great astonishment, he was welcomed with every demonstration of respect and courtesy. The active and intelligent officer, being told that he might go, went on his way sorely perplexed.

On another occasion, a friend of Sir Edwin, who accompanied him to Kensington Museum on the first occasion of its exhibition by gaslight, relates that Landseer stopped short before his large picture, "A Visit to Waterloo."

"I must have been dead," said he, "when I painted that."

And walking up to the picture he placed his hand over the part which had attracted his criticism. An attendant policeman shouted his polite caution: "Now, then, take your 'ands off there!"

"My good man," said Sir Edwin, "I was merely remarking how bad that was."

"Then why don't you go and do better?" said the policeman, who had no idea to whom he was speaking.

"Quite right, quite right! I am ashamed of it!" returned Sir Edwin.—*Indian Young Folks.*

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE.

A young lady who was summering in the country, but who never took a vacation in her Master's service, found an old blind woman, whose grandchildren went away to work and left her alone all day. From out the treasury of her special Bible verses she taught one to the old lady at each visit. When she went for the last time, the old lady said: "O, dear Miss, the summer's gone too quick for me. It made the time pass so pleasant, its having them beautiful texts. I couldn't tell you how 'all' passed away the time. There's 'I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh upon me.' There's many as don't think about a poor old blind body like me, but the Lord does; and that must be for me, Miss, because I am poor. And then there's 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;' that's my companion, I call it, Miss; you wouldn't believe what company it is to me, and it seems to take me through all my little troubles of every day. I don't think that's been out of my mind a day since you learned it to me. Ah! I know what came next: 'Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.' That was right, wasn't it, Miss? I couldn't say it right by at first, but I've got it faster than any now, since you taught it to me over again. That's always my comfort when I feel so sinking like, and I think perhaps it's the end coming near, and then 'He'll love me unto the end.' But that last one I learned, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty'—that is beautiful! My poor eyes, Miss, that can't see you, it says they shall see him; to think of that now!" and the dear old woman's voice murmured on in broken exclamations of happy anticipation, till she seemed to almost forget her visitor's presence. Just an illustration of what can be done with the crumbs from the Master's table, when we have learned to appreciate and use them.—*Sunday School Journal.*

"SPOIN."

A woman on Lafayette street East rushed out the other day, and informed a policeman that she had seen a big dog crawl under her barn, and she believed the animal mad. The officer went around by way of the alley, accompanied by the usual crowd, and after peering and peering for some time he shot three bullets under the barn to scare the dog out. After the third shot a movement was heard, and presently the long end of a colored man crawled into view. After backing out and brushing the dirt out of his eyes he added:

"Was it me you were shooting at?"

"I supposed it was a dog under there," replied the officer.

"Well, sah, doan' you nebber 'spose no mo.' It's dangerous."

And he showed a bullet hole in his cap and another in his coat as proof of the accuracy of the officer's aim. He had crawled under after a rabbit which had escaped from a neighbor.

"It's all right," he said, as the officer apologized, "but doan' you 'spose no mo.' You just keep round 'ar what gits pussons into serus trouble."—*Detroit Free Press.*

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

A person in a passion very frequently jumps at conclusions so suddenly as to jump his head off, as they say, and the following well illustrates:

I say, Neighbor Snobs, if you don't keep your hens out of my garden I will shoot them."

"Very well, Doolittle, shoot away; only if you kill any of my hens, throw them into my yard."

Crack went the fowling-piece, morning after morning, and fat hens were pitched into Neighbor Snobs' yard. They cooked well. After a fortnight or so, Doolittle discovered that Snobs never had any hens, and that he had been shooting his own, which broke out of his own coop.—*Sel.*

When the forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening.—*Selected.*

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Miscellany.

THE BACHELOR.

Returning home at the close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?

Who sets for me my easy chair,
Prepares the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?

Who regulates the evening fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?

When sickness comes to rack my frame,
And grief disturbs my troubled brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?

Nobody.
—From the American Queen.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

From an article by Rev. T. T. Munger, on "Immortality and Modern Thought," in the *Century*, we quote as follows: "When chemistry put the key of the physical universe into the hand of science, it was well enough to give up a century to the dazzling picture it revealed. A century of concentrated and universal gaze at the world out of whose dust we are made, and whose forces play in the throbs of our hearts, is not too much; but after having sat so long before the brilliant play of elemental flames, and seen ourselves reduced to simple gas and force under laws for whose strength adamant is no measure, we have become a little restive and take up again the old questions. Science has not explained us to ourselves, nor compassed us in its retort, nor measure us in its law of continuity. You have shown me of what I am made, how put together, and linked my action to the invariable energy of the universe; now tell me what I am; explain to me consciousness, will, thought, desire, love, veneration. I confess myself to be all you say, but I know myself to be more; tell me what that more is. Science, in its early and wisely narrow sense, could not respond to these demands. But it has enlarged its vocation under two impulses. It has pushed its researches until it has reached verges beyond which it cannot go, yet sees forces and phenomena that it cannot explain nor even speak of without using the nomenclature of metaphysics. In a recent work of science the word 'spirit' is adopted into the scientific vocabulary. Again, physical science has yielded to the necessity of allying itself with other sciences—finding itself on its borders. Chemistry led up to biology, and this in turn to psychology, and so on to sociology and history and religion, and even to metaphysics, whose tools it had used with some disdain of their source. In short, it is found that there is no such thing as a specific science, but that all sciences are parts of one universal science. The broad studies of Darwin and Herbert Spencer have done much toward establishing this conviction, which has brought about what may be called a comity of sciences, or an era of good feeling. The chemist sits down by the metaphysician and says, 'Tell me what you know about consciousness; and the theologian listens eagerly to the story of evolution. Unless we greatly misread the temper of recent science, it is ready to pass over certain phenomena it has discovered and questions it has raised to theology. And with more confidence we may assert that theology is parting with the conceit it had assumed as 'queen of the sciences,' and—clothing itself with its proper humility—is ready to accept a report from any who can aid it in its exalted studies.

This comity between the sciences, or rather necessary correlations, not only leads to good feeling and mutual respect, but insures a recognition of each other's conclusions. Whatever is true in one must be true in all. Whatever is necessary to the perfection of one cannot be ruled out of another. That which is true in man's spiritual life must be true in his social life; and whatever is true in social life must not contradict anything in his physical life. We might reserve this, and say that no true physiologist will define the physical man so as to exclude the social man; nor will he so define the social and political man as to shut out the spiritual man; nor will he so define the common humanity as to exclude personality. He will leave a margin for other sciences whose claims are as valid as those of his own. If, for example, immortality is a necessary coordinate of man's moral nature—an evident part of its content—the chemist and physiologist will not set it aside because they find no report of it in their fields. If it is a part of spiritual and moral science, it cannot be rejected because it is not found in physical science. So much, at least, has been gained by the new comity in the sciences—that opinions are respected, and questions that belong to other departments are relegated to them in a scientific spirit.

MOLTKE THE SILENT.

Moltke the Silent—der Schweiger—as he is called, is generally considered the greatest, and is certainly the most successful, of living soldiers. His achievements at Koniggratz, Sedan and Paris have never been surpassed, and compel the admiration of all competent military critics. Silent, quiet, cold, the very incarnation of concentrated thought, just as you see him walking in the streets or moving in a drawing-room, where everybody stands respectfully aside to let him pass—so he stood on the battle-field, his cold, clear eye passing slowly from one point to the other, and his cold, clear mind weighing the chances of victory and defeat with the intensity and serenity of a mathematician pondering over the solution of some grave problem. No

one, it is said, has ever seen Count Moltke excited, not even at Sedan, where the greatest victory of modern times decided the fortunes of the two most powerful empires of the continent. His calmness seems mysterious, almost awful, and there is something strangely sad about that silent, lonely old man. His wife died some years ago; he never had a child; his nearest relations, with the exception of a nephew and a niece, seem to be kept at a distance by him. Who are his companions and friends? To whom does he ever talk in a friendly, familiar way? Nobody has ever been able to tell me, though I have often inquired. An old man of eighty-eight, he still appears without fail wherever duty calls him. He is to be seen at almost all the Emperor's receptions, the most striking personage near the throne. But how does the old Field Marshal pass his time when free from duty, when tired of work? Nobody pretends to know. Either nobody penetrates into his intimacy, or else those who approach him intimately do not speak about it. When the weather is fine, you may see a very tall, thin man, with light yellowish hair, and a sorrowful, wrinkled face, out of which shine a pair of stony gray eyes, wrapped in a long dark military coat, a cap on his small head, faultlessly dressed in a general's uniform—a gentleman born in every inch of aristocratic, slender figure, his body still erect, but his head as in deep thought, slightly bent forward—such a man, I say, you may see coming out of the great red building which stands on the Koenigs-Platz, at the corner of "Moltke" and "Bismarck" streets, and which bears the name of "General Stab." The solitary old man, unattended by a servant, walks slowly, noiselessly. Every one who meets him looks at him attentively; if the passer-by is a soldier, he stands on one side and salutes. The old general returns the salute slowly and deliberately, but apparently without seeing to whom. Every time I see him the thought occurs to me that in such guise Dante must have passed through the streets of Florence. That is General Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke, one of the strangest characters the world has ever produced. It is well worth going to Berlin to see that great historical personage.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A NEGRO ON THE NEGRO'S FUTURE.

The latest contribution to the discussion in the *Forum* of the Negro Question is by a Negro writer, Prof. W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, Ohio. In the March number he reviews with a deal of severity the treatment of the Negro question by the representatives both of the South and of the North. But of the future of his race he takes a very hopeful view. He writes: "That which the South declares it will not have—Negro supremacy—has no part in the Negro's plans for the future, nor is it desired by him. He simply seeks to exercise undisturbed the freedom to enjoy rights guaranteed him as a citizen by the constitution. He leaves all else to the future evolution of just public sentiment and private choice. He has no desire to rule over or govern the whites. Pushed from the ground of Negro supremacy, the fear takes the shape of 'being left to the mercy of an ignorant black majority,' and reconstruction days are cited by Senator Wade Hampton as proof of the evils in store, and as reason for abrogating the Negro's rights. I answer this by saying that there could now be no such ignorant rule as is claimed to have existed then. The conditions which governed those days have been changed. The Negro has, meantime, made a remarkable advance in intelligence and education. The admitted progress of the race has given birth to leaders, younger and better educated, to replace those ignorant and irresponsible ones. These fears are groundless and not at the root of feeling; but that which does underlie the whole matter and which gives the key to the disturbance is the deep-seated prejudice of color and cast. As a member of that race, I believe the Negro is looking over the whole situation as a patriot should view it—with an eye not only to his own prosperous growth, but to that of the American people, of whom he considers himself an inseparable part. With such a view, he can but take that step which will lead from present troubles to a fruition of his hopes—to be a man among men, and not simply a Negro."

THE VIRTUAL RULER OF CANADA.

For many years Sir John A. Macdonald has been virtually the ruler of Canada. He has had the ability and skill to keep his party in power, while all the provinces have remained or become liberal. I believe his continuance is due to his devotion to the national idea, to the development of the country, to bold measures—like the urgency of the Canadian Pacific Railway construction—for binding the provinces together and promoting commercial activity. Canada is proud of this, even when it counts its debt. Sir John is worshipped by his party, especially by the younger men, to whom he furnishes an ideal, as a statesman of bold conceptions and courage. He is disliked as a politician as cordially by the opposition, who attribute to him the same policy of adventure that was attributed to Beaconsfield. Personally he resembles that remarkable man. Undoubtedly Sir John adds prudence to his knowledge of men, and his habit of never crossing a stream till he gets to it has gained him the sobriquet of "Old To-morrow." He is a man of the world as well as a man of affairs, with a wide and liberal literary taste.—*Harper's Magazine*.

GLEANINGS.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—*Collier*.

What gets crowded out? Day by day that is the great test of our life.—*Mrs. Whitney*.

"The one thing to be remembered of God's speaking to men (the Ten Commandments), is the supreme fact of authority on His part, and loving, unquestioning obedience on ours."

If our faith has not for its basis the witness of God, to which we must submit as to an authority outside of, superior to, and independent of, our personal judgment, then that faith is no faith.

No one's life is so sorrowful and wretched as to be without a great many mercies for which to thank God; and taking the whole into the account, we have far more mercies than sufferings. And even the sufferings may all be made spiritual mercies.

It is as supreme folly to talk of a little sin as it would be to talk of a small decalogue that forbids it, or of a diminutive God who hates it, or of a shallow hell that will punish it. Sin is registered according to heavenly measurements of holiness and majesty.

Do you rightly estimate the importance of to-day? That there are duties to be done to-day which cannot be done to-morrow? This it is that throws so solemn significance into your work. The time for working is short, therefore begin to-day; for the night is coming in which no man can work.—*F. W. Robertson*.

If you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation.—*Talmage*.

God measures all gifts by the ability of the giver, and He knows just what that ability is. There are no mistakes or misestimates with him. All gifts, and all the elements that enter into them, he scans with an impartial and all-penetrating scrutiny. All giving is under the blaze of the Omnipotent eye. It is well that we remember this.

Overheard in a saloon. First workman—"Here's looking at you. Only \$22 in treasury you say? Why, I thought we had more than a hundred." Second workman—"Well, the silk banner for the parade cost \$90, and the gilt letters \$5 extra." First workman—"What letters?" Second workman—"Our motto, 'We Want Bread.' Have a cigar."

"Why," does anyone ask—"why does the battle press hard to the very end? Why is it ordained for man that he shall walk, all through the course of life, in patience and strife, and sometimes in darkness?" Because from patience is to come perfection; because from strife is to come triumph; because from the dark cloud is to come the lightning-flash that opens the way to eternity.—*Orville Dewey*.

He who desires to become a spiritual man must not be ever taking note of others; and, above all, of their sins, lest he fall into wrath and bitterness, and a judging spirit towards his neighbors. O children, this works such great mischief in a man's soul as it is miserable to think of; wherefore, as you love God, shun this evil temper, and turn your eyes full upon yourselves and see if you cannot discover the same fault in yourselves, either in times past or nowadays.—*John Taylor*.

Ask God, before you go downstairs, for faith, "the eye of the soul," so that you may walk all day long "as seeing Him who is invisible." When you are tempted to indulge in something wrong—idleness, or carelessness, or selfishness—this will help you to give it up at once, and forsake it; for how can you give way to it when your eye meets His? When something makes you afraid, this will make you brave and peaceful; for how can you fear anything when your God is so near?—*Francis Ridley Havergal*.

MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL.

This Missionary Training school, which for two years was located at Niagara Falls, and from whose doors seven have gone to foreign fields under different denominational societies (three to India, two to Liberia in Bishop Taylor's work, and two to China), has been removed to Philadelphia, that the rare medical, kindergarten, and other advantages afforded by this city—not the least among which are the services of teachers of various languages—might be obtained.

The school, with its large grounds and beautiful surroundings, is situated on the northeast corner of Forty-first and Ogden streets, and is within walking distance of the Pennsylvania University.

The Woman's Medical College, which can be reached for one car-fare, makes a reduction for prospective missionaries. Mrs. Van Kirk, principal of the Philadelphia school for training kindergartners, has offered the course (usually costing \$100) free to any of the young lady students, because they are going as foreign missionaries. As there is now a great demand in heathen countries for kindergartners possessing diplomas, this course is most valuable.

The Chinese and Japanese languages will be taught in the school by native teachers. One having spent two years in Oberlin College is now acting as interpreter in the American Chinese Union of this city; the other is at present pursuing a course of study in the University.

A lady under appointment by the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church, who expects to sail for Japan in the early fall, will avail herself of this opportunity of studying the Japanese language. Another lady, expecting to go to Mexico under the same Society, is studying Spanish, the teacher having spent years in Mexico.

In regard to the study of Chinese, we might add that it is a great advantage, one seldom obtainable in China, to have a teacher who can speak English. The written language is the same in all provinces of China, and a knowledge of it is necessary to all missionaries. This, and also the Cantonese dialect, will be taught.

Hindustani and Marathi, two of the languages of India, can be taught by the principal.

It is believed that much money and outlay of strength can be saved in foreign lands by thus having some knowledge of the people to whom missionaries are going; also of their history, habits of thought, customs, etiquette, etc., all of which receive special attention.

The course of study for the school year closing June 22d includes the English branches, church history, science (mental and moral), theology, music (instrumental and vocal), the languages, and the Bible, very special attention being given the last. In addition to this, a summer class will be formed for the benefit of those wishing to study the language of China, Japan, or Spain.

The practical mission work, to which two afternoons each week are devoted, is found most helpful.

Our reliance for the support, continuance, and prosperity of the school is on Him in whom and for whom this project was conceived; therefore, none who are called of God to foreign missionary work, of whatever evangelical denomination, need hesitate to apply for admission because of lack of means.

Further information can be obtained by addressing

MRS. W. B. OSBORN, Principal.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

There are several practical lessons in spiritual growth to be learned from the lilies. The first one is that the flower grows by the action of the vital principle within it. A bit of white marble is the same thing to-day as it was a century ago; there is no life there. But there is a subtle, mysterious agent or principle in the Lily, which slowly lifts it from the earth, and expands into an exquisite cup of white and gold. Life is never self-produced. The first lily was created by God; all the rest have been its propagated successors. Spiritual life is never self-originated. It begins with the entrance of the Lord Jesus Christ into a converted soul; that is a regeneration.

He that hath the Son of God, *hath life*. Paul meant just this when he said, "I live, yet not I; it is Christ that liveth in me." This is a profound mystery; but there is not a true Christian on the face of the globe but has a certain measure of the Lord Jesus in his inmost soul. Our only anxiety need be whether we really have Christ within us; but if sure of that, then we may dismiss anxiety just as the lilies do, and grow just as they grow, without any worry. Some Christians distress themselves needlessly. We are not required to furnish the *growing power*. The spirit of Christ furnishes that.

The mariner is not required to furnish the wind; he has but to set his sails to the breeze, and his ship swims onward. Faith is receiving the Christ-life into the soul; while that divine life is there, growth may go forward. Precisely did the Master teach, when he said: "If ye abide in Me and I in you, ye shall bear much fruit."—*Dr. Theodore Cuyler*.

UNSEEN PROTECTION.

"A lady was awakened up one morning by a strange noise of pecking at the window, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backwards and forwards inside the window in a great fright, because outside there was a sparrow pecking at the glass, wanting to reach the butterfly. The butterfly did not see the glass, but it saw the sparrow, and evidently expected every moment to be caught. Neither did the sparrow see the glass, though it saw the butterfly, and made sure of catching it. But, all the while, the butterfly, because of that thin, invisible sheet of glass, was actually as safe as if it had been miles away from the sparrow." It is when we forget our Protector that our hearts fail us. Elisha's servant was in great fear when he awoke in the morning and saw the city of Dothan encompassed with horses and chariots and a great host; but, when his eyes were opened at the prayer of the Prophet, his fears vanished, for he beheld the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore."

"Though now unseen by outward sense, Faith sees Him always near—A guide, a glory, a defense: Then what have you to fear?"—*James Inglis*.

POISONED BY MISTAKE.—A man went to bed one night in good health, but suddenly during the night he felt ill. He rose, and going to a cupboard he lifted a bottle which he thought contained medicine, but which in reality held poison. He took a quantity of it and went back to bed, and shortly afterwards died from the effects of it. He believed he had taken the right thing, but his belief did not save him. No matter how sincerely we believe an error, we can never by that means put ourselves right.

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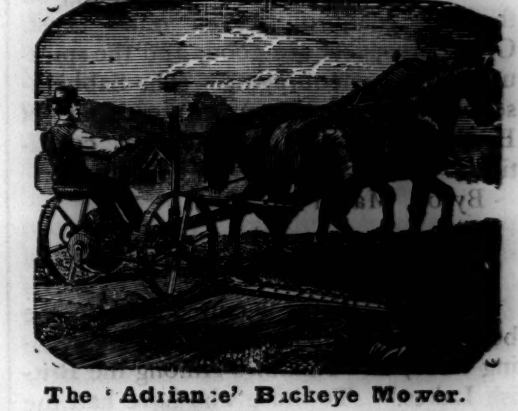
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TURLOCK.

Turlock is on the Southern Pacific railroad, one hundred and twenty-seven miles from San Francisco. It is a thriving village of about two hundred and fifty inhabitants, three hundred and fifty being in the district. During the past year three church buildings have been erected; viz., Roman Catholic, Methodist Episcopal and Congregational. All are well finished and attractive. The last named will seat two hundred, and with chairs, fifty more. The dedication services on the 10th of March are known to the readers of THE PACIFIC through Dr. Warren's communication. On the Wednesday following the dedication Dr. Williams, of Tulare City, continued the meetings, and preached three sermons; he returned to Tulare on Saturday morning to spend the Sabbath with his people, and learned, on reaching home, of the death of Mr. Coddington, Superintendent of the Tulare division of the Southern Pacific railroad. The funeral at San Jose was conducted by Dr. Williams. On Monday, the 18th, I went, as per understanding, to Turlock, and conducted the services Monday night. On Tuesday evening Dr. Williams returned and resumed charge of the exercises, and preached three times. On Friday morning he went home. The preparatory meeting on Saturday afternoon was of peculiar interest. Among others, three bright young ladies gave evidence of a desire to join the congregation. On Sunday morning twelve were taken into church fellowship. The three young ladies noticed were baptized by Brother Barber, their pastor. The sacrament was then administered. On Sunday night, March 24th, the meetings closed. The gracious and very encouraging increase in membership is due largely, if not entirely, to the faithful preaching and pastoral labors of the Rev. L. N. Barber. We have had a good meeting, a very good meeting—an excellent foundation for meetings to come.

At Brother Barber's request, I conducted the services after Dr. Williams left. Rev. M. Calfee, of the Methodist church, did good service during the meetings. The musical exercises were conducted by Dr. Young, who has been, and is, a foundation stone in the foundation of the Congregational church in Turlock. The Ladies' Aid Society deserves more than a passing notice. My heart warms as I write of them. Intelligently persistent, they have moved on, clearing obstacles and overcoming difficulties, and to-day the church stands as a monument to their energy and self-sacrificing perseverance.

I accompanied Brother Barber on a skirmishing expedition to Modesto, thirteen miles north; to Crow's landing, on the San Joaquin, eleven miles west. Crop prospects are good, and the spiritual outlook encouraging. The Sabbath-school, under the superintendency of Brother Gibson, is in excellent condition.

Byron, March 29, 1889.

HOPKINS ACADEMY.

Rev. Dr. Wythe lectured before the boys of the Academy on last Friday evening week, on "Rambles Among the British Lakes." To those who have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Wythe it is needless to say that the lecture was highly interesting and replete with information. The boys appreciated it very much.

While the boys of the Academy are enjoying themselves in quiet ways, and show the healthfulness of the place by their own healthy and vigorous appearance, they are, with most commendable diligence, prosecuting their studies.

Mr. Mudie, one of the seminary students, who is an accomplished athlete, very kindly volunteered to train the academy boys in the gymnasium. Some of them are already showing the advantages of the systematic exercise in their better developed physique.

Several of the older boys some time ago expressed a wish that the Principal would take a Bible-class on Sunday mornings in the academy, in addition to the regular Sunday-school exercises at Plymouth-avenue church. So far the hour spent thus on Sunday mornings has been a source of mutual pleasure and profit to the boys and the principal. Every freedom is allowed in the class, and the boys are encouraged to frankly raise all the objections, and doubts, and difficulties that occur to them. Though these may not all be solved, assuredly good seed is being sown, which, it is hoped, the Master will water and quicken, so that, even if it be after many days, it may bring forth good fruit, and yield an abundant harvest.

Our people have not fully awakened to the fact that the academy is not only their school, which they are in duty bound to support and encourage. It is not part of the Seminary. It supplies a want that is not otherwise supplied, and that the cause of Christ demands should be supplied. The academy, too, is worthy of the highest confidence. It is recognized as such by the best educational authorities. Its standard has been set high, and the faculty are determined to reach that standard in the shortest time possible.

Dr. Alvin Talcott, of Guilford, Conn., has given \$25,000 to endow a Greek professorship at Yale. He is a graduate of 1828, is eighty years old, still practices medicine and reads his Homer daily.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, APRIL 21. MARK 12: 28-34.

BY REV. H. E. JEWETT.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

I. Introductory.

This lesson falls upon Easter, while the Scripture for June 23d (Mark 16: 1-13) is our real Easter lesson. In that passage we find these words: "And he saith unto them, Be not amazed; ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, which hath been crucified. He is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him." In our lesson for April 21st, we are studying an event that occurred in the temple court only three days before our Lord's crucifixion. Jesus was in the midst of his worst enemies, and yet during these last days he carried himself like a king in dignity, a prophet in wisdom, a friend to those in need. He had just emerged from a "war of words" with the Sadducees, so completely silencing them that the Pharisees applauded, forgetting, temporarily, their bitterness toward their new champion.

II. The Questioner.

From Matthew xxi: 34, 35, we judge that the man who asked Jesus which is the greatest commandment, was put forward by the Pharisees for the purpose of entrapping him. "When the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, they were gathered together. Then one of them who was a lawyer, asked him a question tempting him." From the narrative in Mark it appears that he was better than his sect, a seeker after truth, an intelligent, candid moralist. He was learned in the law of Moses—hence called (in Matt.) a lawyer. Meyer calls him a Mosaic priest—a biblical scholar, whose calling was the study and exposition of Holy Writ. In Mark, he is spoken of as a Scribe, one learned, like a lawyer, in the Old Testament.

III. The Question.

What commandment is first of all? "What character must a commandment have in order to be called great?" (Meyer.) Which is the most important? "The Jews are said to have divided the law into greater and smaller commandments. Which was of the greatest importance, they had not determined. Some held that it was the law respecting sacrifice; others, that respecting circumcision; others, that pertaining to washings and purifying, etc." (Barnes.) The word commandment does not here seem to be restricted to one of the ten, but to any of the commands of God recorded in the Pentateuch.

IV. The Answer.

(a) "The Lord our God, the Lord is one; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, * soul, * mind, * strength."

(b) The second is this, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these."

Here we have made emphatic (1) the unity of God. The heathens have gods many and lords many. It has been said that there are millions of gods of innumerable grades and qualities among the Hindus. But Jehovah is the only living and true God. Upon this Jews and Christians unite. Because evangelical Christians, believing in the triune nature of God, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, have been called Trinitarians, one denomination, not confessing the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, has chosen the name Unitarian; but in fact, Trinitarians and Unitarians alike believe in the Unity of God. We believe in one God; but surely we have studied these lessons in vain if we have failed to see and acknowledge that Jesus Christ, by word and deed, proved himself to be the "only begotten and well beloved Son of God," while John opens his gospel with the statement that the "Word (Christ) was with God, and was God."

We also have emphasized (2) the supreme love to God, with all thy heart, affections and will, with all thy soul, desires, with all thy mind, spiritual and intellectual nature. Thou shalt love God. "By this love we have to understand the qualified surrender of our whole being to God." (Schaff.)

There is further emphasized in the reply of Jesus (3) the principle of self-love in man, and (4) of love to his fellow-men as free and sincere and tender as his love for himself ought to be. The apostle John throws light upon the relation of these two commandments. (See I John iv: 20, 21. Paul also helps us in Romans xiii: 8-10.)

V. The Scribe's confession.

"Master, thou hast said the truth," etc. His answer is frank and hearty. He evidently takes in the real distinction Christ makes between the internal and external service of God. Put forward to entrap Jesus, he acknowledges himself convinced by him "who spake as never man spake." He sees the point Jesus makes. Will he surrender his will to this divine Master?

VI. "Not far from the kingdom."

1. His prejudices had been, in part at least, broken down. He had come under the spell of Christ's divine wisdom, and he who started out to tempt, ended by exclaiming, "Master!"

2. He was sincere, attentive, moral, but (4) he was outside the kingdom, although near it. (5) Outside the kingdom of God, he was in imminent spiritual peril. (6) What one of us is outside—not far from—the kingdom as we look at calvary and the suffering Redeemer? or, as, on Easter Sunday, we see this God-man arise from the grave? If we had kept the commandments, we could not be saved by what we have done. We must still be saved by what Christ has done, by love in sacrifice. But we have

not kept the commandments, and to enter the kingdom we must repent of sin, and surrender our hearts in love to God in Christ—the risen Christ.

REPORT OF THE STATISTICAL SECRETARY.

The reports of our churches for the year 1888 show 149 Congregational churches in California and 1 in Nevada. The membership in California is 9,826, a net gain of 1,318. There have been added by confession 771; by letter, 1,255. Total, 2,026. In Sabbath-schools 16,300, a gain of 1,992. The benevolent contributions of 119 churches amount to \$41,624.80, an increase of \$6,226.58. Nine new churches have been added to the roll of the General Association of California, and nine to that of the General Association of Southern California. Following is the report of the Statistical Secretary:

There are presented in the tables statistics in detail of the churches connected with the General Association of California, and a summary of the reports from the churches connected with the General Association of Southern California. In ten years Congregationalism in California has doubled its number of churches, and the membership also has increased one hundred per cent. The year 1888 witnessed great activity, not only in the southern part of the State, but also in the central and northern portions. The net increase in churches was 18, and in membership 1,318. During the 16 months ending December 31, 1887, the gain was 1,200. The membership of our churches January 1, 1889, was 9,826. A year ago, with a membership of 8,508, California ranked the fourteenth State in membership in a list of forty-seven States and Territories. It is probable that she has gone a little nearer the head of the line the past year. Since the beginning of the current year large accessions to many churches have resulted from the evangelistic services of Mr. Moody and others, but detailed reference to this winter of spiritual refreshing will properly accompany the statistics for the current year.

To those who are familiar with the struggles, the burdens, the discouragements, of many—may we not say most—of our churches, the wonder grows how so many of them, during the past year, have built houses of worship or parsonages, have lifted debts, have maintained regular services, and have given to the work of the Lord elsewhere. It is pleasant to find that 119 churches have contributed to objects of Christian benevolence. Of these 107 have made offerings to the A. H. M. S., and 66 to the A. B. C. F. M. But, while the amount given to foreign missions in 1888 was larger by \$583 than in 1887, the amount reported for home missions is \$823 less.

With a Theological Seminary, College and Academy within our borders, founded by Congregationalists, only eleven churches report gifts to them, the amount bestowed being \$2,288. It is evident that, but for the gifts of individuals, the outlook for these institutions would be very discouraging. But, during the past year, Pomona College has received the gift of a fine college building and grounds from a resident of Pomona, and since this year opened Pacific Theological Seminary has received from three friends as an endowment for a professorship the sum of \$26,000.

A view of the whole field shows the urgency of the work and the great need of funds to hold what has been gained and to advance to new undertakings. From Siskiyou to San Diego there is work undone because the means to its accomplishment are not forthcoming. Instead of 18 new churches the number might profitably have been doubled, if the financial situation had been favorable. But now, as during the past forty years, there is reason for thankfulness rather than complaint, for hopefulness rather than discouragement, and for abiding trust in the Lord our God, whose we are and whom we serve.

H. E. JEWETT,
Statistical Secretary.

BIBLE-READINGS BY D. L. MOODY.

"PRAYER."

Abraham was in constant communion with God in prayer; wherever he built an altar, he called "upon the name of the Lord"; he also interceded for Lot and for Sodom. (Gen. xviii: 18-33.)

Isaac was in communion with God in prayer; for, when he built an altar, he called "upon the name of the Lord." (Gen. xxvi: 25.)

Jacob at Peniel wrestled the whole night in prayer. (Gen. xxxii: 29.) Job's prayers. (Job iv: 3-6; xlii: 1-6.)

Daniel prays, and God sent Gabriel to speak to him. (Dan. vii: 15-16.)

Elijah prays and the Lord sends rain. (I Kings xviii: 1-41-46.)

Paul and Silas pray while in prison. (Acts xvi: 25.)

Stephen prays and the heavens are opened. (Acts vi: 55-56.)

Christ himself was in communion with his Father in prayer; at times he speaks like a God, and at times speaks like a man. (Matt. xiv: 23; xxvi: 36-39; Mark i: 35; Luke ix: 18-24; xxii: 32; xxiii: 34; John xvii.) Christ spent a whole night on the mountain top in prayer, and in the morning he chose the twelve who were to be with him during his ministry. (Luke vi: 12-16.) He also prayed at the tomb of Lazarus. (John xi: 41-42.) Three times were his prayers answered by the Father. (John xii: 27-28; Matt. iii: 17; Luke ix: 28-36.)

The ten elements of true prayer we all

need before coming into the presence of God are:

1. Adoration. (Isa. vi: 3.) "Holy, holy, Lord God."

David's prayers are given to us in the Psalms. (Ps. lxxvii: 15-17; cxli: 1-14; cxviii: 2.) Job, "I have heard and mine eyes see thee." (Job xlii: 5.) Abraham fell on his face in adoration, the true position for every true believer. (Gen. vii: 3.) Christ taught the disciples the Lord's Prayer. (Matt. vi: 6; Luke xi: 1.)

Moses at the burning bush stood in adoration. (Exod. iii: 3-9; Ps. xcv: 6; Is. i: 15.)

2. Confession. (Is. lix: 1-2.)

3. Restitution. (Deut. xxi: 18-19; Exod. xxii: 1-27.)

4. Brotherly Love. Unity at the Day of Pentecost. See how all were filled with love and had all things in common. (Acts ii: 1-4.) The Levites all with one accord sang at the dedication of Solomon's Temple together. (II Chron. v: 13.)

5. The Spirit of Forgiveness. Examples of temper. (Elijah, I Kings xix: 4; Jonah, iv: 1-11; Paul, Acts xv: 31-34.) The temper under control. (Luke i: 4.)

6. Thanksgiving. The Psalmist says, "It is a good thing to give thanks." (Ps. cxli: 1.) Paul in his epistle to the Philippians says the same thing. (Phil. iv: 1.)

7. Faith. We all need to have faith to have our prayers answered, "according to your faith." (Matt. ix: 29.) Faith is the golden key that unlocks the gates of heaven. (Jas. i: 6.)

But we need a warrant to have true faith. Where is it? It is in the Word—the Holy Bible. Where God's Word abideth there is true faith. (Mark x: 24; John xv: 7; I John v: 4.) And then we gain confidence; God resisteth the proud, but gives grace to the humble. (Jas. iv: 3-6.)

8. Perseverance. Pray and faint not. (Luke xviii: 1-8.) God likes importunity in prayer. (Rom. xii: 12.) Saul's conversion on the way to Damascus. (Acts ix: 1-9; Eph. iii: 20; Jer. xxxiii: 3.)

9. Petition. Ask for something that you want when praying. (Matt. vi: 11; vi: 33; Col. iii: 1; Heb. iv: 16.)

Prayers of the Bible are noted for their brevity. The Syro-Phœnician woman's (Matt. vi: 25-30); the Publican's (Luke xviii: 10); Peter's (Matt. xvi: 30); Saul's (Acts ix: 6). John, seventeenth chapter, is the longest prayer that Christ made, for most of his prayers were brief and to the point. The longest prayer in the Bible was made by King Solomon, on the dedication of the temple. (I Kings viii: 12-62.) There are three classes of Christians in the world: (1) The asking Christian. (2) The seeking Christian. (3) The knocking Christian. We are to be in daily communion with God. God answers petitions, but in his own way. Moses, the prince of praying men. (Deut. ix: 22-26) answered (Deut. xxiv: 4); the Mount of Transfiguration (Luke ix: 28); Elijah (I Kings xvii: 1). Locks up the heavens for three years, "under the juniper tree." (I Kings xiv: 4.) Elijah in the chariot of fire (II Kings i: 1-12). Paul prays (II Cor. xii: 7), "Let God choose the way and the time, for he knows what is best for us all."

10. Submission. "Thy will be done." (Matt. vi: 10; Luke xii: 42; John vii: 37; ix: 30.) "Let your request be known." The "peace of God shall keep your minds." (Phil. iv: 6-7.) "Let this cup pass from me, but not my will, but thine, be done." Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. (Matt. xxviii: 39-40; Mark xiv: 35-36.)

RECAPITULATION.

1. Adoration.
2. Confession.
3. Restitution.
4. Brotherly Love—Unity.
5. The Spirit of Forgiveness.
6. Thanksgiving.
7. Faith.
8. Perseverance.
9. Petition.
10. Submission.

O. C. POPE.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

A patent has just been granted on an ingenious contrivance, made by Mr. Benjamin D. Milliken of Somerville, Mass., for the purpose of mixing liquid and powdered substances, where the latter cannot be held in solution. This will be of great convenience to manufacturers of sauces, liquid polishes and the like, where a given quantity of each ingredient must enter every package. One of these machines has been in constant use since April of last year, at 140 Commercial street, Boston, where it can be seen by any one interested, pumping Parlor Pride Stove Enamel.—Exchange.

The April Century is a Centennial number, one-half of its pages being devoted to this subject. The frontispiece is "Washington Taking the Oath as President." The first article is a historical sketch of "The Inauguration of Washington." This is followed by "Washington at Mount Vernon after the Revolution" and "Washington in New York in 1789." George Kennan has a chapter on "The Russian Police." The Lincoln History treats of "Retaliation, the Enrollment and the Draft."

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